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Poetry.

A CULPRIT.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a blush on her pale wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

When I think of your bringing-up—my care,
My scrupulous care—and it's come this? You
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a YOUNG MAN KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said,
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling,
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't go as if you were stifling!"

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear;
"He said—he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But, indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again!"

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

A peaceful hollow at the feet
Of heathery hills and moorlands wide,
Enriched with slopes of golden wheat
And pastures green on either side,
With mountain ash and silv'ry birch,
And stately elms close-gathered round
The precincts of a gray old church
And sacred calm of burial-ground.

This was a picture Memory framed—
Unseen for years, yet perfect—
"The Golden Valley" we have named
This fair, remote, delightful spot;
And 'mid the pleasures that have been
And yet as living joys abide
We still recall that Sabbath scene—
The quiet church, the green hill-side.

To-day we climbed the hills once more,
And rambled down the leafy lane;
The slopes were golden as of yore,
But when were struck with sudden pain—
The hoary time-worn church that graced
This loveliest spot in all the land,
To be "restored," had been defaced—
Ay, shattered by the builder's hand!

And all among the mossy tombs
Loose stones and mortar lay around,
Crushing to dust the simple blooms
That sprang on consecrated ground,
"False sentiment and fancies vain!"
Such terms are well applied, you say;
Yet can I not repress the pain
And keen regret I feel to-day.

Our Story Teller.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

"Confound it!" said Tom, puffing resignedly at his cigar; "from our very birth Bingham and I were always pitted against each other, and he always won all the points. I was always good for everything epidemic that was going, and always whining in the contagious stage of something or other, and my Aunt Slap Derrick, who has got the diamonds, hated me. From fourteen to twenty-four I was a sloven, and a dear beside. Now I have brains (I supposed a fellow may do justice to himself), but no tongue power; muscle, but a low stature; an ugly phiz, and no small-talk. A likely portrait to win a woman's favor, whether my Aunt Slap Derrick's or Mollie Miller's! And Bingham was always what you see him. You can't deny that he is a coward, and I should not like to say what besides, and yet I catch myself believing in him. And his inevitable luck would make a man believe in fate. The very weather is in a conspiracy with him. The most scowling day brightens for him, and the fairest morning is sure to turn a drizzle with me. He was always so! And I say let him take all the cards and end it," tossing his cigar into the grate as if to light the sacrifice.

Dayton, Tom's friend, listened, smiling. He was tolerably well used to such confidences. Besides, though Tom used the language of defeat, there was a spark of battle in his eye. He was not the man to hang on his aunt's lips for the Slap Derrick diamonds, though he was ready to admit that they were good things in their way. He was the man to make a stand for a girl like Mollie Miller. Just as in words he announced his defeat a new resolve was kindling within him. And Dayton, who loved Tom, and had something of a woman's instinct, was quick to seize the propitious moment.

"Why not try pluck against luck?" he asked, reading Tom's look.

"By Jove, I will!" answered Tom.

At the time of this conversation, all the principals of our story were together at the Rotherithe House. Tom, his aunt Slap Derrick, his friends Bingham, Dayton and the Miller party, and the position of these human pawns just then was such that Tom's "I will" needed to be potent. It was fair sailing enough for Bingham, who, it was understood, would succeed to the Slap Derrick diamonds. For him thorny aunts and brambly parents discreetly stepped aside. But Tom was another pair of sleeves, thought Mrs. Miller; while Mollie herself thought nothing about it. It was her business to make pretty toilets, and gentlemen might secure her smiles if they could. And for the rest, she was not in love with Bingham—yet—though, to be very honest, she expected to be; and why not with a man who was well-mannered and well-looking? Nobody said to her, "My dear, you had better marry the Slap Derrick diamonds;" but Mollie knew the family mind on the subject, and was not averse, only as yet she felt quite a liberty to speculate, as she sometimes did when she had nothing better to do, on Tom Du Cœur's remarkable eyes, and why one of his glances should make her blush. No help here for poor Tom, you see, who had not even conceit to back him; and certainly none from his aunt Slap Derrick, who could never forgive him his low stature, his gypsy looks, and took delight in snubbing him. Nothing but cool audacity—or call it pluck, if you like—with which to fight his cousin's good looks, and good luck, and the Slap Derrick diamonds, worth, as we all know, good looks and courage both together. With all these things in his favor Tom came on in the most encouraging manner. He has always his Aunt Slap Derrick's shawls, or one of Mollie's maiden aunts on his arm. And it was his business to look after the picnic baskets, and the carriages, and the gypsy fires, and so on, while Bingham kept the ladies in small talk. Or if he were up to talk with Mollie, he met Mrs. Miller halfway, who said: "Oh, Mr. Du Cœur, could you do me a favor? I have left my shawl (or eye-glass, or book, as the case might be) in the summer-house, and I am afraid of the dew, in my slippers." The shawl or eye-glass, or book is up-stairs, in Mrs. Miller's third bureau drawer, as she knows, and Tom knows; but he goes, for all that, with that cool patience that is apt to tell in the long-run, though, and he gets back in time to see Mollie going off on Bingham's arm.

Dayton, who knew Tom's worth greater, he thought, than the Slap Derrick diamonds, was bitter enough over these "diamond-worshippers," as he called them, but Tom only smiled.

"I put my head down and take it," he said; "and if you notice, it is those people who do that who win in the end. I am quite at ease about my success, or should be, were it not for my feelings. Properly to manage a love affair a man should not be in love with the lady. That is one of the first rules of art. Now I am—in love, I mean—and I can't obey the rules of art; and my confounded feelings trip me. I get jealous, and sulk, and all that sort of thing; though I know all the time that it is a mistake to sulk when nobody cares about it. I wish I were as sure that my luck would not spoil all as that I shall succeed. Laugh, if you like, but I believe in presentiments. I shall win. I have that in me that will buy the triumph; but as the prize is in my hand, my luck will cross me again, and I shall lose it."

"Nonsense!" said Dayton. "Stuff!"

"Very good. Wait and see," said Tom; and in the same breath, "Why, what is Miss Miller about?"

That morning the entire party at Rotherithe had embarked for an excursion to a neighboring town. Tom determined to throw up his office of shawl-bearer, had walked to the forward car, where he stood talking, as just quoted, with Dayton. Perhaps something beside the shawls was at the bottom of this move. Bingham walked with Mollie, who looked as fresh as the rose in her little hat, and blushed as pretty ly. But then it was not a pleasant sight for Tom, and he went on in a rage, leaving Aunt Slap Derrick and her bundles to Bingham, also. Mrs. Slap Derrick was not the woman to bate one jot of her claims for the prettiest girl in the world. Bingham was fully occupied with her; and mean time Mollie found that she had left her bag in the waiting-room, and sprang out to fetch it.

How in an instant, from careless ease and security, we sometimes find ourselves hanging between life and death! Mollie did not find the bag at once and she was determined not to lose it, as it held her watch and chain. She was gone, she thought, but a moment, and the train was in motion, and her mother and Mrs. Slap Derrick screamed for her as she stepped on the platform. It was all in an instant. One moment she was trying for a foothold on the steps, the next she was being dragged by the train, clinging desperately to the railing of the car platform, sure of going under the wheels if she relaxed her hold, and sure of going under, in any event, a little further on. A woman had been cut to pieces there two weeks before. She had time remember that. She saw the white shocked faces of men looking down at her; Bingham, who had made his way to the door, among the rest, and wondered why they did not help her. She seemed to have dragged there for an eternity, yet it was but an instant, when somebody clasped her about the waist; somebody, panting and breathing hard, ran desperately with the train, slacking its speed now as her peril was discovered; helping hands were held out; somebody help her up, stunned and dizzy; Mollie stood in the door; the little knot of men made way for her, and Mrs. Slap Derrick, who had seen it all, seized her hands.

"My poor child! my dear child!" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick. "Oh, Mrs. Miller! thank God that she is safe!"

Mrs. Miller, calmly tying up a parcel, looked up in surprise, thus pathetically adjured. "Safe! Good Lord! what has been the matter?"

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Bingham, bustling up. "I was so frightened, Miss Mollie."

"Hurt! frightened!" Mrs. Millie began to grow hysterical. Everybody talked together. Mollie leaned back, every nerve jarring to that dreadful, remorseless rhythm to which she had been dragged. She was not even curious to know who was her preserver. She was in a sort of mental swoon when Mrs. Miller asked who had saved her.

"A brakeman, was it not?" she said, faintly, and looking at Bringham. "You saw. I should like to find him and give him something."

"I—I am not sure," answered Bringham, hesitating, for he had seen Tom, perfectly. "He wore a wide hat; very likely a brakeman as you say."

"What is that?" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick, sharply. "You do not know, Bingham? I should think you might. I saw him distinctly, over your shoulder. It was Tom Du Cœur, Miss Mollie, if you like to know."

"I did not know. I was so shocked. I was trying to get to Mollie, myself," muttered Bingham, greatly abashed under that formidable look of his aunt's, which Tom called her "rhinoceros expression."

"Mr. Du Cœur!" repeated Mollie, blushing brightly. She would not tell why, but she was glad that it was Tom. "Oh, Mrs. Slap Derrick! where is he? Why does he not come here? I want to thank him. Where has he gone?"

"He has a bad habit of modesty," answered Mrs. Slap Derrick, dryly, which was very true. Besides, Tom did not choose that Mollie should love him. He ever loved him, out of gratitude, and he hid himself purposely; and when Mollie found him out and seized him, he attained between vexation and shyness, to the very sublimity of awkwardness, and actually told the woman that he loved, when she was thanking him for her life, with all her soul in her eyes, that "it was nothing. He would have done it for any one."

"Really, you are too flattering!" Mollie could not help but pout at that; but as she looked at him she said to herself that he had saved her, after all, and held out both her hands to him.

"If you do not care, I have reason to do so," she said, earnestly, "and I thank you for it with all my heart. You snatched me from a dreadful death. Those men stood staring at me, and you alone knew what to do. I will always thank you for it. I will always be your grateful friend, Mr. Du Cœur."

Tom turned very pale.

"You have no reason to thank me," he said, holding her hands tight. "If the wheels had gone over you, I would have thrown myself there."

And now who knows what would have happened next, but just then Tom found Mrs. Miller at his elbow.

"We shall always be grateful, Mr. Du Cœur," commenced that lady, and broke down. She was hysterical now whenever Mollie's danger was mentioned.

"We are all grateful," put in Bingham, smoothly. "You are sure it was you, Tom? Aunt Slap Derrick says so; but her sight is none of the best. I thought that it was a brakeman."

"Indeed," interposed Mollie, "it was Mr. Du Cœur. I know it now." And then she blushed scarlet, she had grown suddenly very fond of Mr. Du Cœur." "And I do not know how to thank him enough," she persisted, bravely.

"Shall I tell you how to thank me?" whispered Tom, suddenly, forgetting his fine theories about not owing love to gratitude. "Tell me, if you can with truth, that you are willing to owe me such a debt."

"I am willing," murmured Mollie very softly after a moment's hesitation.

Tom went to bed that night in a glow of triumph. He forgot that haunting demon of his—his luck. Though he had not had an opportunity for another word, Mollie's look spoke more than many words. But his triumph was short lived. Mollie had taken fright and retreated behind her entrenchments. She was hardly to be seen and not to be spoken with alone. She was not angry. When she did lift her eyes to his they were kind eyes, though very shy. But then she would hardly look at him. Some gulf had suddenly yawned between them, and though she was merry and friendly with every one else, she kept him on the other side of it. They—the whole company—went on a walking tour, and Mollie would not even give him her hand when they crossed the brooks, and was mum whenever he approached. And Tom, who knew nothing about women, fell behind, full of wrath and consternation, to pour his complaints in Dayton's ear.

"I believe she hates me for saving her life, he said, despairingly. "Before, she was civil; now she won't look at me."

"It strikes me that is not a bad symptom," said Dayton, smiling, "though we shall hardly be able to discuss the question, for here she comes after us."

"Here!" Tom turned sharply, and Mollie, who was close behind him, looked greatly disconcerted.

"Mamma sent me," she explained. "We have found a house—such a strange place! and there is a man in it alone, and so, till Mamma said, Mr. Du Cœur, that you were a doctor, and would know what was the matter, and I came because Mrs. Slap Derrick was afraid to let Mr Bingham leave her."

"She is afraid lest I should misconstrue even this small favor," thought Tom, bitterly. "She wishes me to know that she came because she could not help herself."

And he walked beside her, looking so grim, that Mollie, who had intended to bring about a better understanding, lost heart and walked in silence also. So they reached the old house, where the rest of the party were waiting for them—a ruinous old building, with a graveyard of sunken stones behind it, brooding over it. The man of whom Mollie had spoken lay within in a stifling den, destitute even of a window; matted, begrimed, raving and horrible to look at, so dimly seen in the dark bed-room. Tom made a brief examination and came out to the expectant party, carefully shutting the door after him.

"Well, what is it?" said everybody together.

"Malignant small-pox," answered Tom.

"Good heavens!"

It was Bingham who exclaimed, shrinking back, as he spoke, from Tom's near neighborhood: "Why, we have been here long enough to contract the disease. Aunt! Miss Mollie! pray let me persuade you to come away."

"Thank you," returned the younger lady, without stirring, and still looking at Tom. "But what are *you* going to do, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"Stay here," said Tom.

"In this dreadful den?"

Tom's face lighted up.

"In this dreadful den a man is dying for the want of the commonest care; and I know the people of this country. Neither man nor woman could be hired to act as his nurse or argued out of their fears. I have no such fears, and it is my duty as a physician."

Mollie cast an appealing look at Mrs. Slap Derrick.

"But how can you live, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"He cannot live! Tom, I will not allow it!" exclaimed his aunt.

"I think you would not wish me to leave any human being to a dog's death," answered Tom resolutely. "And for living, you and Miss Mollie will send me a basket of—well, the delicacies of the season and such medicines as I shall order every day, and Dayton will leave it outside the door."

Mollie came close to him with the look that she had worn when she had thanked him for her life.

"You are a hero," she said. "A real hero! and a truly brave man! I never respected a man in my life as I do you, Mr. Du Cœur, and whatever I can do to help you shall be done."

The next moment she was shocked and scandalized at herself and turned hastily away; but she could not take back her words. And Tom lived on them through all the weary weeks that were to come. His star was in the ascendant now, and Bingham's luck paled before it. He was not only Mollie's hero, but everybody's hero. The packing of his basket was the event of the day. In vain he protested that it was a basket for a garrison or a hospital. The ladies had a theory that the more of a good thing the better, and sent him everything on which they could get their unscrupulous little fingers. Mollie's contribution was always by itself in a dish covered with leaves and a bouquet attached, or what Tom valued more, a note, reading something like this:

Mr. Du Cœur:

DEAR SIR:—How is your gorilla? and are you sure you are quite well? And your aunt, Mrs. Slap Derrick, wishes you would write. Mr. Dayton is so unsatisfactory. He will never say anything but that you are "jolly" or "living like brikes," or something of that sort.

M. MILLER.

And though this may not be a model note in style, and certainly was written in a schoolgirl hand, "M. Miller" like the most exacting of persons, would have been satisfied with the reception that Tom gave it, though he never answered, for fear of sending them smallpox in an envelope, during his whole six weeks of trial.

But the weeks themselves were done at last. Tom's gorilla restored—no great benefit to society in that. He was but a poor, drunken creature at his best; small limbed, and his eyes were dull and pale. Mollie, who had been most anxious for his coming, when he did come, turned shy. She was only brave on impulse; and now he was close by her he looked formidable. She looked down, and could not find a word to say for herself. She wished that she had never called him a hero, never sent him any notes. Tom grew desperate and spoke out:

"I wish that I was back again with the gorilla."

"Why?" asked Mollie, with a little start.

"Because then you were kind to me. Now you seem to hate me."

"I am sure I do not hate you," answered Mollie, raising her eyes to his, and the eyes said so much that Tom grew bolder.

"But I am not satisfied with that, Mollie. I want you to love me."

Mollie looked up at him quickly, and looked down as quickly, and tried to get away the hand that he had taken, and, failing, dropped her head on his shoulder.

"My darling," murmured Tom, in a rapture.

"What!" cried a high voice, that made them both start. "Mary Miller! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself."

Mrs. Miller had come upon them unawares. Mollie uttered a faint shriek. Tom put his arm quietly about her waist, and explained that he wished to marry her daughter.

Mrs. Miller, being in a towering rage at the downfall of her designs on the Slap Derrick diamonds, retorted with something about "beggarly scape graces"

"And why beggarly?" quired another shrill voice, Mrs. Slap Derrick coming in in great wrath. "Let me tell you, madam, that Tom Du Cœur will succeed to three-fourths of the Slap Derrick estate, and Mrs. Tom Du Cœur will wear the Slap Derrick diamonds."

Of course in half an hour everybody in the house knew just what Mrs. Miller had said, and Mrs. Slap Derrick had said; and Dayton came, beaming, to congratulate Tom.

Tom smiled faintly.

"Pluck has done its work. It is time for my luck, Dayton."

"Stuff!" said Dayton, much vexed.

In the morning Tom was ill. By night he was worse.

"Cold and fatigue," said the sanguine. "Small-pox" hinted the forboding. "Typhoid," pronounced Dayton.

Typhoid it was. Doctors were brought, and doctors from the first shook their heads. Generally that is as good for the patient as if Death himself had nodded at him. But I really think that Dr. Wiseacre's hems and haws may be said to have saved Tom's life. Date must always drive him into a corner to make him stand at bay. He kindled, as he had done before, at the apparent desperation of his prospects, and vowed that he would get up.

Everybody set up a shout of horror. Tom persisted.

"I am convinced," said he, "that it is not typhoid—nothing more than cold, watching, and my luck making a last attempt to trip me; and I am not going to be tripped by it; so you need not look at me as if I was marked for Paradise per Death's express. I shall not stay in bed, Aunt Slap Derrick, and I will not be doctored, Mrs. Miller; and, ladies, I really beg your pardon, but I am going now to make my toilet."

The last was irresistible, and Tom's well-wishers retired leaving him the field. Everybody prophesied, by way of revenge, that he was a dead man; but Tom only laughed at them, and got well under their very noses. After that he was set up as an oracle as well as a hero, and ruled everybody, married Mollie, and is considered by that lady and Mrs. Slap Derrick, to this day, as a paragon of men—all thanks to pluck!

THE RESULT OF RUM.

Thirty-Two Years Behind the Bars.

We enter the chapel and find standing there all alone a tall man with perfectly white hair, engaged in mopping up the floor.

"Well, Mike, how are you to-day?" asks the warden.

"Purty well, sor," is the reply, as a pleasant, ruddy, kindly looking face is turned to receive this salutation.

For 31 years and a half this man has not been beyond the walls of Sing Sing prison. He is a life prisoner.

"Let's see, Mike. You were sent here for killing a man, I believe?" is suggested.

"Two men, sor," is the reply.

"How came you to do it?"

"It was in a street fight in Brooklyn."

"Did you know the men?"

"No, sor, I never knowed thim."

"You were intoxicated, were you?"

"I was shtrunk, sor. I never would have harmed a hair of anybody's head, but I didn't know anything about it till it was all over."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty years, sor I was twenty-eight when I came in here, and I was twenty when I came to this country."

"What part of Ireland did you come from?"

"County Longford, sor."

"And your folks live there?"

"They did, but all me relations is dead now. I never hear from thim any more, an' I heard they was all dead."

"And would you like to get out before you die?"

"I would like to get out once more, and me friends is a tryin' for me. Judge Moore of Brooklyn is a friend of mine and I think he's been trying."

"This man," said Warden Brush, "has been here all this time and he has never received a reprimand from an officer, and there isn't a scratch against his name on the books."

Gorman is a man of good appearance. He is unmarried.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Personal Application.

Sam Johnsing, an Austin, Texas, colored man, was hired by the celebration committee to touch off the fireworks. The day after the glorious Fourth, Parson Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Blue-Light Tabernacle, happening to call at the Johnson mansion, the latter said banteringly: "Did you see the fireworks las' night, parson?" "I did, Mister Johnsing." "I recon, parson, dat ar red fire and de yellin' ob de crowd sorter reminded yer ob dat hell yer preach so much about." "Hit did, Mister Johnsing, for a fac, pertickerlerly when I seed you in the middle ob de flames."—*Texas Siftings.*

Humor.

MR. KNOX'S ADVENTURE.

He Has a Shadow Flirtation With the Occupant of Berth No. 15.

My friend Knox boarded the express train some time near 10 o'clock in the evening, and found the sleepers crowded with passengers. The colored porter offered a choice of two places—the lower bunk in section 1, the upper being occupied by an old gentleman, or the upper berth in section No. 15, the lower having been taken in New York by a charming young woman, according to the porter. Knox wasn't half a minute in making a choice. No. 1 was too near the door, over the wheels, in fact, and to 15 with the porter he went. He took his little pair of steps in behind the drab curtains and mounted his perch. Each of the berths had a short valiance of lace close to the bed, and a foot away there swept from the cornice a heavy drab rep curtain. Up to the clock-tick six made a few alterations in his toilet, handed his shoes to the porter, and addressed himself to sleep; but somehow his mind kept wandering to the lower berth. He wondered if its occupant was a blonde or a brunette. The officious porter came along talking to some one just then, and a voice as sweet as a mavroon grace said below him:

"Is that you, porter? Will you give me a glass of water, please?" Knox lay with his neck on the rail of his bed, as if it was a guillotine, till the water came, and a slim, white hand stretched forth and took the glass. Then the pretty hand went out again, and fluttered around a refractory button on the curtain. Byron has said that the "moon hath more mischief in a month than the sun gets a shine at in a year," and the moon really does seem to take an interest in seeing fun. As the cars were racing through bucolic scenes she burst forth in all her splendor, and threw a radiant field of white light on the surface of the drab curtain. Madam had pushed aside the little lace flounce of her couch. Knox rested his off ear on the side rail, he could see the sharply defined outline of a graceful head, and a shapely arm thrown partly over it. The shadow fascinated him. It changed, evidently the substance of it had turned from the window and was fixing the curtain. For an instant a hand flitted across the moonlit square, in search, perhaps, for the little muff-like pad which railroad companies furnish for pillows. The restless sleeper noticed the pretty shadow of her hand, no doubt, for she held it so that all the fingers were displayed. She made a fit of it. She did "fly away Jack, come Jill," with her thumb and pinky finger.

In an instant Knox thought of something. He dropped his hand over the side till the moon's rays threw its shadow beside the smaller one on the rep curtain. Instantly the little one disappeared. Knox has a handsome hand. It is one of his strong points. It is a large hand, perhaps, but well shaped, white, and carefully tended for. Its proprietor showed that he admired it, for on the third finger gleamed and glistened in the moonlight a $700 diamond. Such a beauty! Many a time and oft, as he toyed with his moustache in public places, he had seen admiring glances wander to it. An ugly man can attract attention with a five-carat stone, and Knox knew its attraction for the fair sex. The newly-arrived shadow on the curtain hung limp and listless for a moment. Then it took the shape of the first letter of the deaf and dumb alphabet—the second—the third. Knox got on well till he arrived at H, when he seemed to be stranded. To his delight the little fist crept on to the curtain with its thumb and little finger pent up like soldiers, helping him to the letter I. After this they went along together smoothly until they came to O. But the lady bridged over the difficulty, and the shadow alphabet was successfully completed. Then ensued a little conversation:

"How far do you go?" spelled the shadow on the curtain.

"Chicago," answered the smaller hand.

"Traveling alone?"

"Alas, yes."

"How nice."

"Do you go to Chicago?"

"I believe I will."

"Are you a married lady?" asked the big hand.

"Widow," responded the little digits.

Knox was in the seventh heaven as well as the upper bunk.

"We will have breakfast together!" said the curtain.

"With pleasure," it replied.

"Do you ever indulge in a night cap?" asked the facetious shadow.

"Never wear one," answered the obtuse one.

"I mean take a little nip."

"I couldn't think of it."

"Sweet creature," he thought, "she can't be much over 20. All widows of 30 like a drop of rye."

Knox had nearly sawed his ear off on the side of the bunk by this time, but he was enjoying himself hugely. The widow below was bewitchingly flavored with white rose. It came up in gusts once in a while. A silver laugh also had gurgled several times, and Knox was as pleased as Punch with his delightful adventure.

In the middle of a sentence the moon went suddenly behind a cloud, and Knox uttered these appropriate words, "Ain't that too bad?" and a whispered "Yes" floated back to him, "Good night." Knox boldly lowered his hand. The widow's reached it. This was simply delicious. The jolt of the car swayed their clasped hands. Knox was in elysium. Go to Chicago? Why, he'd have gone to Joppa. Ending the enamored mess in a soft good night, and promising to be punctual for breakfast, the widow pulled the white lace curtains, and after a while Knox slept.

It was broad daylight when the porter came through dropping boots in the different sections. He made an unnecessary row in 15. Knox looked out and said: "Hello," and then he wondered what the negro was thrashing about the lower bunk.

"Is the lady out?" he asked.

"Warn't no lady there, boss," said the porter. "I 'spose dey was when I tole yer, but it seemed jest afore she went to bed she fell in wif an ole lady wat had number 21, an' a dude of a fellow, he had a 'arf o' that section, an' they got to talking and jess swapped. I never dropped to it till the dude got off back yer to S'pension Bridge, an' I seen 'im a leavin' number 15 jest here under you."

Knox was aghast. Was he awake? He rubbed his eyes, and as he rubbed them he noticed that his ring was gone.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Dear Little Woman.

Engaged Girl—My dear, now that we are engaged, we should begin to take practical views of life.

Accepted lover—So I have been thinking.

"I feel very much like having some ice cream, but first I want you to tell me frankly how much money you have in your pocket?"

"Just 25 cents, and no more coming until pay day."

"It's so nice to begin figuring on the expense of living; seems as if we were married. Have you only 25 cents left, dear?"

"That's all."

"Well, we will get along with two plates to night, and you save the other 5 cents for a nest egg, you know."

He Braced Up.

I met a millionaire one evening coming down the street very unsteadily. He was walking very fast, but the night had been heavy, and his numerous tacks made the block long and difficult to cover. I hailed him. He greeted me kindly. He looked at me for a moment.

"I am sorry, sorry to see you in this condition," he said.

"I am all right."

"Well, I am not. I know I am a trifle full—"

"That doesn't matter in you, you know. You're a man of wealth and position."

"That," he said very seriously—"that did not occur to me."

Then he braced himself up and walked on with great dignity.

Stupid Ed. Johnson.

Elsie—"Don't you like Ed. Johnson?"

Edith—"No, I don't."

Elsie—"Why?"

Edith—"Well, he was calling on me up at Mechanicsville last night, and I undertook to show him how well I could whistle."

Elsie—"Well, what of that?"

Edith—"A great deal of that. I just puckered my lips up as sweet and pretty as I could, and then—"

Elsie—"Well, what then?"

Edith—"He just let me go on and whistle."

Elsie—"How mean!"

Justice Field Would Not Sign.

A rather spare old gentleman, with thin, grayish whiskers, and wearing a pair of highly-polished spectacles, leaned over the counter in the Southern Pacific company's up-town ticket office, Monday morning, and asked for a round-trip ticket to Portland.

"Thirty dollars," promptly responded the clerk.

The passenger laid the gold on the counter and the clerk pulled the ticket out of the case and handed it toward him with a well-inked pen.

"What is that for?" asked the passenger, with a touch of contempt in his tone and glancing toward the sun.

"Sign there, please."

"I beg your pardon."

"Sign the ticket, please."

"No, sir; I refuse. There is no law in the United States compelling me to sign a railroad ticket. There is your money. Give me the ticket."

The somewhat ruffled ticket agent looked at the passenger and then at the ticket, but did not touch the money.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked at length.

"Stephen J. Field," was the reply.

Then it dawned upon the rather dazed mind of the young man behind the counter that he was talking to one of the justices of the Supreme court of the United States. He quietly stamped the unsigned ticket, handed it to the passenger with a subdued air, and as he put the money in the drawer he was observed by the bystanders to be in a very reflective mood.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Keecher Assented To It.

H. W. Ripley of Portland, Me., who has passed forty-nine summers in the White mountains, tells a story about Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher once drove a passenger wagon from the Twin to the Crawford, just for fun. In turning round, his team became tangled up and his wagon bid fair to tip, when a Portland & Ogdensburg conductor, looking out of a chamber window of the hotel, shouted "Let go your leaders, you — old fool!"

"That's good advice, young man," was Mr. Beecher's calm reply, as he followed it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Why He Was Interested.

First Man—"I say, it's an outrage, sir, the idea of these bloated capitalists refusing to pay their men on Saturday, when the week's work is done."

Second Man—"But the pay comes promptly enough on Monday; what difference does it make so long as the payments are regular?"

"It's the principle of the thing, sir. The cause of human rights and human liberty is at stake. I've a great mind to buy a newspaper and make Saturday pay-day a great political issue."

"Buy a newspaper? I thought you were a poor workingman!"

"Oh, no; I'm a saloon-keeper."

His Old Self Again.

Railroad President—"So you are living in Arizona. Managing a railroad?"

Ex railroad President—"No; I tried that, but the people kicked against pools and combines, and, as they are rather tough customers to deal with, I resigned."

"I should think you would feel like a fish out of water to be out of the railroad business."

"I did at first, but I have struck another way of making a living, and feel like myself again."

"Eh? Managing a street car monopoly?"

"No; I'm holding up stage coaches."

Better Remain a Boarder.

Boarder—Will you marry me?

Landlady—Let me see. You have boarded with me four years. You have paid promptly. You have never grumbled at the food. No, I can't marry you.

Boarder—Perhaps if I had acted like Duffer, and abused the coffee, talked of carrying the butter, always been a month behind in pay, you would have married me?

Landlady—Yes, perhaps I would. As it is I will marry Duffer.

Boarder—What!

Landlady—Yes. I will marry Duffer. He needs some discipline. You are too good a boarder to be put on the free list.

No Free Snap.

Henry George—"Come and join our Anti-Poverty Society."

Workingman—"Glad to do it. Just count me in."

Henry George—"One dollar, please."

Workingman—"I have no dollar."

Henry George—"Move on. The fellow behind you has money. We are not running any free snap."

Probably Uses an Old Razor.

"I understand that the young lady you are calling on is quite comfortably endowed with this world's goods, or at least will be some day," said Jags to Cags.

"Oh, yes; they live in style, I tell you. Old man has a butler and a coachman; in fact, any number of servants."

"Got a footman, too, I suppose?"

"No," said Cags, smoothing an imaginary wrinkle out of his coat tail. "I think he attends to all that sort of thing himself."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Apparently a Hopeless Case.

My 4-year-old boy remarked confidentially to the cook the other day that he "would hate to be a chicken."

"Why, Rob?" she asked.

"Cause I would have to lay eggs, and I don't know how," was the response.—*Babyhood.*

Poetry to Order.

"Carpet" rhymes with no single word,
but some bold poet dared to evade the
difficulty thus:—Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin To toast such a beautiful
lar pet; Believe me, my dear, Your feet
would appear At home on a nobleman's
carpet."

Not a Widow.

Mrs. Doolan—"And how's your old man, Mrs. O'Rafferty?"

Mrs. O'Rafferty—"Sure, Mrs. Doolan, and he's been under the ground for the week past."

"And it's sorry that I am to hear it's a widdy ye are. When did Doolan die?"

"Sure it's not dead that he is. He has a job excavating the toonel for the new aquadook."—*Texas Siftings.*

Couldn't Go Around Him.

A certain farmer of Hart county, Georgia, talking about his cotton crop, said that his preacher's patch was the best cotton he had. "Where is your preacher's crop located?" was asked.

"Right in the center of the field."

"Why did you put it in the center of the field?"

"So that the Lord couldn't send rain on the preacher's patch without raining on mine!"

Almighty Andover.

St. Peter—Who knocks?

Heathen—One whom the missionary has snatched from the burning.

St. Peter—What missionary?

Heathen—One from Andover, Mass.

St. Peter—Please take a seat for a while on the brush heap to the left of the gate. I can't tell until the Andover controversy is settled whether you are saved or damned.

Very True.

Heiress—I am afraid it is not for me that you come here so often, but for my money.

Ardent Wooer—You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?

She Was Evidently a First Wife.

Spriggs—I met Jones to-day. You know he has been married six months, and he says his wife is the loveliest and most adorable creature in all the world.

Mrs. Spriggs—Oh! Is she his second or third wife.—*Mail and Express.*

She'd Had Enough.

He—Now, dear, that we are engaged, and no one is looking; won't you give me just one kiss?

She—You surely don't want to bore me, Lionel. You forget that I have passed the last few weeks at General Sherman's.

The Accurate Sunday School Boy.

Wife—Now that you have bought a cow, who will milk it?

Husband—Oh, he says the calf does that. So we'll have all the milk we want.

Ready With Reasons.

Judge—Mr. Attorney, you seem to have a hard case. Lawyer (Hibdrnian)—Ah, no. Oi ken giv yez the bist raison f' the worruld for relacing the pris ner; but if that's worthless, I've another aeqwally as good—illigant, yer 'onor."

Miscellany.

THE CHARMS OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

What Gives Them Grace and Attractiveness—Opposed to European Dress.

The general attractiveness of the Japanese fair sex, as to which there are hardly two opinions, is due in a more than ordinary degree to the becoming character of their raiment and the grace with which it is worn. Few Japanese women possess physical beauty of those lofty types which are the Western ideals. They are for the most part comely and engaging, rather than handsome. Dark eyes and hair, penciled eyebrows, well set necks, and remarkably good teeth, together with bright, artless manners and a winning smile, serve to draw attention from irregularities of feature which will hardly bear critical scrutiny. It is the combination of physique, grace, dress, and manner that makes up the agreeable sum total of the average young girl of matron. As well in the brisk, bronze-cheeked serving-maid, with her homely but tasteful garments, her eyes of kindness, and her pretty ways, as in the refined little lady of high degree, pale skinned and gentle mannered, in her rich, exquisitely neat dress of ceremony, the visitor and the resident alike recognize most pleasing specimens of womankind. But they also recognize how much of the general outward effect is really due to the picturesqueness of the national garb. If confirmation of this be needed, it is sufficient to behold the same women clad in foreign clothes, or to mix in any gathering where the two styles can be seen together. Making full allowances for the disadvantages that, in the nature of things, must tell against a costume to which the wearer is wholly unaccustomed, no one who has eyes to see can then hesitate as to the artistic superiority of the Japanese apparel. And, besides its esthetic merits, the latter has other points of excellence. It is healthy, in that it involves no distortion or compression of the kinds imposed by Western fashions. If the skirts of a well-dressed lady's robes are gathered somewhat too tightly for very active locomotion—perhaps the only fault that can be found in her whole attire—no other part of her frame is subjected to unnatural restraint; while the massive girdle gives an artistic support to the chief bodily organs. Secondly, it is very much less expensive than the costly and irrational habiliments of the West. Jewelry, moreover, forms no part of it in any station of life. Again, its fashions are abiding. While a Japanese belle, like all of her sex, delights in having good clothes and plenty of them, she has, or at least hitherto had, the comfortable assurance that her ever-increasing wardrobe is in no danger of being at any moment thrown out of date by the caprices of court milliners and fashion mongers. Lastly, it is admirably suited to the beautiful fabrics of the country. It is no wonder, then, that the grievous change now in progress is loudly deprecated by nearly all foreigners. With most of us the first feeling is one of wrathful indignation. That the Japanese, who are nothing if not artistic, should set themselves in this cold-blooded way to blot out one of the most delightful and picturesque features of the whole national life is regarded as inexplicable, unnatural, and unexcusable. It is vandalism; it is sacrilege; it is senseless mimicry; it is everything that is bad. That is the general lament, and there seems to be a good deal in its favor. But, on the other hand, it is possible that a sacrifice so deplorable and so palpably to Japan's loss rests on no stronger or higher ground than a giddy aspiration to be even to this bitter end, the pomps and bitter fashions of the West? It is a habit in certain quarters to speak of Japanese as a nation of children, always thirsting after some new toy. Yet that character will hardly be assigned to Count Ito, even by the most reckless of censors. And Count Ito is absolutely the man who advised the Emperor to inaugurate the new movement.—*London Times.*

CAPS AND COCKADES.

Origin of the Liberty Cap that Became Common in France.

The French little red cap of Liberty was clearly considered as a national emblem long before 1792, when Guillotine in a frontispiece to the number of his journal for the 5th of May, 1790, places the Phrygian cap in a conspicuous position. The cap appears on two medals struck at Paris in July, in 1790; one represents the king as taking the oath to a new constitution, and the other commemorates the federation of the French people. Although these issues point out that the cap was a national badge long before the mutiny took place, it is nevertheless probable that the badge originated with the red convict caps. Many convicts, after having had their pr

Recent Literature.

So many are the lovers of the immortal Shakspeare that a new edition of his works, come in whatever form it may, is always welcomed with interest, and examined eagerly. This the case with the one just issued by Macmillan & Co., London and New York, dedicated to the Queen and called "The Victoria Edition." The text has been taken from the Globe Shakspeare, edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright. It appears in three volumes, the first of which contains the comedies, the second the histories, and the third the tragedies. The Glossary is entirely new. The work is printed upon good paper and clear, clean type, and neatly bound in cloth. Taken altogether, it promises to prove a very popular edition. Price $5.

Benjamin & Bell, New York, issue "Society Verse by American Writers." The collection represents the best *vers de societe* and dainty lyrics which have appeared in this country during the last decade Among the forty-three writers represented are the following names: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, H. C. Bunner, Robert Grant, Harrison Robertson, Charles Henry Luders, Ruth Hall, A. E. Watrous, Samuel Minturne Peck and Louise Imogene Guiney. The book is well printed, and bound in unique and artistic manner. It is virtually the first representative collection of *vers-de-societe* by American writers ever published.

From the same house comes "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," a novel by Edgar Saltus. It is a story, with a peculiar plot, which is curiously developed, and terminated in a most unexpected way. The author is already well known by his "Philosophy of Disenchantment," and "The Anatomy of Negation." He seems to be a Pessimist of the most determined type and carries his hiews into all of his productions. He is, however, brilliant and original, and the present story should add to his reputation as a writer in no inconsiderable degree. One of his accomplishments is the power of bringing out a picture in striking lights by the use of the fewest possible words.

"Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, is one of Nathan Haskill Dole's translations of this well known Russian author. These stories form about one-half of the twelfth volume of his collected writings, but none of them date back more than three years. They represent his peculiar views, that is, read between the lines, although the criticism of the military system of the country is not even covert. It is a wonder that so many of these stories have escaped the censor's condemnation. He has managed to embody the whole system of philosophy in these allegorical tales. They must be read with exceeding interest upon this side of the water, where sympathy with a people's desire for representative government is strong, and where many of Count Tolstoi's ideas will find advocates. The book is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"China, Travels and Investigations in the 'Middle Kingdom,'" by James Harrison Wilson, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Besides a discussion of China, there is also a "Glance at Japan." The author spent considerable time in these countries, particularly in the former, studying its peculiar form of civilization and its possibilities, and he took every means to carefully inform himself in these directions. His object was to ascertain what were the prospects for the using of American skill, enterprise and capital in that country. The book, which embodies the results of his investigations besides a history of his travels, is a very interesting one.

An enlarged edition of "English Composition and Rhetoric," by Alexander Bain, is also published by the Appletons. The work has been divided into two parts, of which the present volume constitutes the first. The subject is rhetoric, and it is most carefully and comprehensively treated, and at the same time without superfluity. The former work is too well known for this new edition to need commendation.

Among the recent issues in the Appleton's paper-covered novels is one entitled "A Dateless Bargain," by C. L. Firkis, author of Judith Wynne," etc. It is a pleasant story, well told, and makes excellent summer reading.

The works of Count Tolstoi have attained such a degree of popularity that several publishing houses are bringing out translations simultaneously. Harper & Brothers, New York, have just issued "Sebastopol," translated by Frank D. Millet, and accompanied by an introduction by W. D. Howells. The present volume contains the same wonderful word painting that characterizes all of this author's works, while through it runs a thread of the philosophy that distinguishes him from all other writers. It is necessary to read all of Tolstoi's books between the lines in order to reach his full meaning and this one is no exception. The mere plot of his stories is only a small part of their power and attractiveness.

The Harpers also issue "Horsemanship for Women," by Theodore H. Mead, illustrated by Gray Parker. The writer evidently knows what he is talking about, and shows how a woman may easily train a horse for the saddle so that he will understand and obey her perfectly. The process is one by which kindness is blended with authority, a process that has always proved successful. The illustrations are very good and cannot fail to be a great assistance to the trainer. The book is printed upon nice paper in clear type and neatly bound.

"Allan Quartermain," from the same house, is a sequel to "King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard, although the interest of the story is not diminished by the fact, since it is complete in itself. The only difference is that to those who have read the latter book, this one seems like renewing old friendships. The stories possess the same characteristics of wild adventure, thrillingly depicted, that hold the reader fascinated until the last page is turned. It is bound uniformly with the rest of Mr. Haggard's works issued by this house.

In the excellent series of pamphlets entitled the White Cross Library, the last three bear the expressive titles, "Some Laws of Health and Beauty;" "Mental Intemperance," and "Law of Marriage. Each of these little books contain ideas of the greatest value to everybody. They embody the real philosophy of life, a philosophy which gives in its understanding strength for right living. Everybody should read them. The series is published monthly at 10 cents a number, or at a yearly subscription of $1. Back numbers can be obtained. Address F. J. Needham, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

"Which? or Between Two Women," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is the title of a new, very thrilling and intensely interesting novel, by Ernest Daudet, one of the best known and most widely read of all living French novelists. A highly romantic love story, in which a gypsy girl of great beauty and heroism, named Dolores, and Antoinette de Mirandol, an heiress, are rivals for the possession of Phillip de Chamondrin, the hero, forms the main theme, and it is most skillfully and effectively handled. About this double romance of the heart are clustered a series of exceedingly stirring episodes, many of which are historic. The adventures of Philip, Dolores and Antoinette in Paris are graphically described and hold the reader spell-bound. Paper covered, 75 cents.

"The House of the Musician," by Virginia W. Johnson, is published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, in their Paper Series. It is a bright story, the scene of which is laid in Venice, the city of the sea. That it should find a place in this series, which contains some of the best novels that have been issued during the past few years, is a proof of its entertaining character. Price 50 cents.

The Petersons also issue "Bessie's Six Lovers," also in pamphlet form. The author is Henry Peterson. The story is one of summer life in the country. A New York belle, worn out with a winter's campaign and smarting under the deception of the man she was to marry, goes to visit relatives in the country, when she meets the six lovers to one of whom she finally becomes engaged. It is an amusing story. Price 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard will spend the summer in Alsace and Lorraine and on the German coast.

Mr. C. E. Lauriat has gone abroad on account of his health.

Mr. Bynner, the author of "Agnes Surriage," is writing a play in conjunction with Mr. Robert Grant.

Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate publication Sir John Lubbock's new book, "The Left of Life."

"How to be entertaining Though Stupid" is the odd title of a book which Miss Kate Sanborn is preparing to publish.

"She" has been dramatized in San Francisco, and was to have been brought out on the Fourth "with incidental music."

A. E. Jenks, of Yale '88, has taken the prize offered by *Lippincott's Magazine* for the best article on "Social Life at Yale."

The anonymous author of "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes" has written a new novel, which will be published by the Blackwoods.

Frank D. Millett, the well-known artist, has translated into English Count Leo Tolstoi's powerful work entitled "Scenes from the Siege of Sebastopol."

J. F. Wheelright and T. R. Sullivan are both writing novels. Mr. Sullivan has contributed to the August *Scribner* a story called "The Lost Rembrandt."

Walter Besant has written a new novel entitled "Herr Paulus, His Rise, His Greatness and His Fall." It will be published by a number of newspapers on the syndicate plan.

The Worthington company are devoting all their energies to the preparation of a number of most delightful books for the young. Prominent among these is one by Mary A. Lathbury, entitled "Twelve Times One."

A wealthy woman of Chicago holds that the girls of her city have not received justice at the hands of novelists; and she offers to pay all the expenses of publishing a story which shall reveal the fair beings as they are.

Mrs. L. A. Champney will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for August an amusing sketch, entitled "Father Acacio's Little Game," which is a story of the old Spanish missions of New Mexico. H. H. Boyesen's story, "A Perilous Incognitio," will be concluded in this number.

Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, author of "Cathedral Days," whose sketch of the home life of the poet Stedman will be remembered by our readers, has chosen "The Republic of the Future" as the title of a political brochure which Cassell & Co. have in press for immediate publication.

During the summer, *The Theatre* will be issued only on the 24th of the month. The number for June contains a large number of illustrations and an elaborate table of contents, including an illustrated article about "Zola at Home." There are nearly 40 pages to this number, and the price remains the same. It is for sale everywhere for 10 cents.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, are nearly ready to publish what the reader will pronounce to be a very remarkable book, 9x6¾, containing 587 pages, compiled by Dr. J. C. Street, A. B. N., Fellow of the Order S. S. S., and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z., and is entitled "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold." The work has many illustrations, some of which are really startling in their suggestiveness.

A book of superlative interest, now in press by Lee & Shepard, Boston, will be the "Life Notes; or, Fifty Years' Outlook," by Rev. William Hague, D. D., widely known throughout this country, but especially identified with Boston—where he was the pastor, at different times, of five leading churches—Providence, R. I., New York state, and Washington, D. C., as an eloquent and scholarly Baptist clergyman and orator.

Mrs. Sara Louise Saunders, one of the editors of the New York magazine, *Dress*, has in preparation a compilation of "Festus" which is as unique as it is dainty and artistic. All the extracts are to be classified and placed in volumettes, with flexible hand-printed covers, and interchangeable like the prayer-book and hymnal, secured by an ornamental strap of the same material as the covers, one strap having on it, "Flowers from Festus," the other strap reading, "Pansies for Thoughts." It is brought out by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

AN ANCIENT SOCIETY GIRL.

Fen Pictures of Aspasia, for Whom Pericles Was Willing to Die.

Aspasia, with her small, arched feet, and glorious wealths of honey-colored hair, was the loveliest as well as the most cultivated woman of her time. With more vivacity than Helen she was as fascinating, as love-inspiring. She had every virtue but one, and even Socrates forgave her the want of that one. For her Pericles broke all other ties, and repudiated his wife that he might be faithful only to her. For her, this man, who united the noblest nation of the time, bore meekly the sarcasms of the comic poets, and humbled himself to the people when she was accused of impiety—pleading her cause with prayers and tears, and winning her pardon by the very agony of his love. Hetaira she might be, but she was not corrupt. It is impossible that she could have been a courtesan like Lais or Phryne. She must have been rather after the pattern of a modern free lover—giving, not selling—too surely not chaste, but as surely not infamous. She was learned in the arts of the times, and wrote on the science of cosmetics—her two volumes unhappily burned in the Alexandrian library. It is not difficult to picture to ourselves half smiling, half sinning in the shaded side of the court, where the fountain splashes and the roses bloom; where the deft and graceful Lydian girl fans her with a Phocian fan, and the tame thrush sings from the laurel boughs, which ate its home, and where the peacock, about which so much slander has gone forth, suns itself on the wall, bringing from its own beautiful little island to delight her with its beauty. Grouped about are Socrates and his friends, disputing as usual on virtue and the gods, the soul, beauty and love. Pericles looks at her, his eyes full of a man's deepest passion; and Alcibiades, too young yet to be a dangerous rival, sits near her, indulging in dreams which make him a willing one.

KING COTTON.

This Year's Crop Will be the Largest Ever Raised.

The cotton crop now maturing in the South promises to be the largest ever raised in the United States. It is thought that it may reach 7,500,000 bales, which would be 500,000 bales in excess of any previous year. The crop of 1886 was an enormous one, reaching 6,500,000 bales, but the largest crop yet produced was that raised in 1883, which was 6,882,234 bales.

The history of cotton raising in the United States is an interesting one. In 1791, almost a full century ago, the United States sent 64 bags of cotton to England, and 15 years later the export had increased to 100,000 bags. But in that early day there could have been no anticipation of the large place that cotton was to fill in the productions of the country. In 1829, the crop reached 870,415 bales, and in 1833 it had grown to upwards of 1,000,000, below which it has never since fallen, unless during the period of the civil war, of which there is no record.

The largest crop raised by slave labor was in 1860, when the production was 4,669,770 bales. For five years after the war the crop ranged between two and three million bales, getting up to four millions in 1874, to five millions in 1879, and to six millions in 1881. During the last ten years, under free labor, the cotton yield has been from a third to a half larger than the biggest crop ever grown by slave labor.

Great as the production now is it seems likely that it may reach even larger figures in the future. There is still much good cotton land in the South that is not utilized and much that is farmed can be made to give a heavier yield by better cultivation. For several years past money and enterprise have been seeking investment in cotton-growing, and this tendency will continue as long as satisfactory returns are obtained. At an average of 9 cents a pound the present year's crop will be worth in the neighborhood of $300,000,000.

Courtesy to Women.

The number of men who do not take o their hats in elevators, theater lobbies etc., in the presence of ladies, appears to be increasing. A business man says that this is because people are becoming more practical and less sentimental. Men, he says, do not fancy sacrificing their good looks for the sake of gallantry, and that's what they would do nine times out of ten should they doff in a hurry. They would reveal a mussed up head of hair, or, in these days of baldness, a shining pate. So, by keeping on his cephalic covering, he doesn't have to grasp either horn of the dilemma. And then another fact that weighs heavily, too, is the presence of women everywhere now, in all the busy places where once women were never seen. In shop, factory, store, they are employed to such an extent that it is difficult to give to the sex that chivalrous attention which once was accorded them because of the infrequency of their public appearance.—*New York Tribune.*

The Bilious.

dyspeptic, constipated, should address, with 10 cents in stamps for treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOT WEATHER DANGERS.

How to Dress, Eat and Drink to Avoid Sunstroke.

With the mercury fluttering between 90 and 100 degrees, with burning hot sidewalks, homœopathic draughts of air and a generally oppressive and torrid heat day after day, is a natural consequence that reports of cases of sunstroke are increasing. Old and young, the strong and weak may be suddenly prostrated, and in some cases carried to the churchyard before their friends have found out really what has been the matter.

Sunstroke, or thermic fever, or *coup de siloel*, is a condition of the body brought about by exposure to high temperatures, where the body is unable to throw off the excess of heat produced. This causes an increase in the temperature of the body to a very high degree, for example, to 107 and even to 112 degrees (98 2-5 degrees being the normal temperature). This results in unconsciousness and a degeneration of the tissues affecting principally the blood and brain. Sunstroke is caused by exposure to the direct rays of the sun, exposure to furnace heat, violent exertion in extremely hot weather, and from eating a hearty meal and subsequent violent exercise. Strong men are more liable to be seized than weak, the most numerous cases being among stevedores, puddlers, men digging in trenches or in cellars, where the air cannot reach them. People who have not been long in the climate and who are not accustomed to the thermometer in the nineties, are often struck down. Sunstroke is likely to be prevalent when the days are hot, steamy and oppressive, not necessarily when the sun shines fiercely.

The symptoms are a very high temperature, unconsciousness, embarrassed respiration, flushed face, and bounding pulse, skin usually dry, and in severe cases a characteristic nursuy odor, looseness of the bowels and convulsions. Just previous to a stroke the sufferer experiences a disturbance of vision, chiefly as regards the color of objects.

HOW TO AVOID SUNSTROKE.

In order to prevent sunstroke active business people who are bound to exert themselves during the heat of the day, should wear cool, loose clothing, particularly as regards the head dress, which should be light, both in color and weight. A sponge soaked in water or a cabbage leaf placed in the hat, is a simple preventive. The things most to be avoided in hot weather are whisky and gin, and, in fact, all alcoholic drinks which increase the production of heat in the body. The drinking of much liquid of any kind should be avoided. Beer and ale are also the least harmful of stimulants. Heavy meats must not be taken when a man is going to work afterwards. Bathing should be indulged in as often as possible. Cooling the wrists and hands with cold water is an easy method of lowering the temperature, because the blood vessels in that part of the body are near to the surface. A cold bath or bathing the hands and face will often prevent a stroke.

The treatment of sunstroke may be summed up in three words, reduce the temperature. It is the extraordinary high temperature which is burning up the patient, and which unless speedily reduced will cause death by paralysis of the heart.

THE PROPER TREATMENT.

The patient should be stripped, laid in a horizontal position, put into an ice-cold bath, or ironed off with a lump of ice. This should be kept up until consciousness returns, or the skin gets notably cooler. If possible, a physician should be at hand to watch the temperature, so that it does not fall too low. Ice should be placed on the head, and the patient placed so that the air will blow over him. When recovering a light sheet should be thrown over the body.

In favorable cases the change is immediate, directly the temperature is reduced. It generally leaves the patient very weak, with a tendency to lassitude, and in severe cases inflammation of the brain is sometimes the result of an attack.

Many hundreds have been saved by this treatment, but if the temperature gets as high as 115 degrees death occurs in the proportion of about 33 per cent.

No error can be fraught with more dangerous consequences than that of failing to discriminate between heat, exhaustion and true sunstroke. In the former the symptoms are paleness, with small thready pulse, sometimes unconscious, the skin moist and shaking, the respiration not so much embarrassed. The treatment is in great contrast to that of sunstroke. The trouble to be met is exhaustion, and is only counteracted by stimulants in proper proportions, with absolute rest, reclining on the back, and perfect quiet. The application of cold remedies entirely depends upon the temperature.

It is because the uninitiated cannot discriminate between sunstroke and heat exhaustion that so many fatal cases occur in both instances, the treatment being diametrically opposed. A hospital, therefore, is the proper place for all sufferers, and the prompt call for an ambulance is the first thing to be done when a person is struck down.

English and American Smokers.

"One of the features of American street life that strikes an Englishman on first arriving here most forcibly," said a young Londoner who acquaintance I made at the Palmer house an evening or two ago, "is the abundance of cigars. I was simply astounded to observe on my arrival that teamsters, porters, cabmen, ayc, even pedlers with handcarts smoking cigars. In England, you know, where cigars cost just as much as they do here, a man who never smokes anything on the street but a cigar is looked upon as an epicure, and, if he is not a gentleman of landed property, is regarded as a very extravagant fellow. What do we smoke? Why, pipes, of course. In know fellows—London fellows, too—who are worth all the way from £100 to £1,000 a year, who are inveterate smokers, and who yet regard cigars with about as much reverence as you do diamonds, no doubt. The most extravagant of them smoke two cigars, at three pence or six cents apiece per day. No; I must say that the princely extravagance of the American smoker, who, though he may be too poor to buy himself a warm overcoat when the cold winds come, will still scorn to smoke a pipe on the street, floors me. In London, if a costermonger or a cabman appeared among his comrades with a lighted cigar in his mouth, he would be hooted from one end of the street to the other for endeavoring to assume a luxury his circumstances in life did not entitle him to."—*Chicago Journal.*

Good Qualities of the Spider.

Among the many things that summer brings for one to enjoy is the spider. The spider family is numerous, there being no less than fifty tribes. All of them have eight legs, with three joints in each, terminating in thin crooked claws. I interviewed one yesterday, and the occasion was so impressive that it will long remain green in memory. The one I had the extreme pleasure of meeting had eight eyes in the shape of a letter V; on the front part of his head was a pair of sharp crooked claws or forceps, which stood horizontally, and which, when not in use, are hidden from view in little cases beautifully adapted for that reception, and in which they fold up like a clasp-knife, and remain there between two rows of teeth. The outer skin is a hard, polished crust. From my recent experience I am forced to the conclusion that as an entertainer the unassuming American spider is immense, and never fails to extend a warm reception. He is remarkable as an architect and upholsterer—his wisdom, foresight and bravery—and he provides for himself, his family and their future.

Canning Delaware Peas.

The canning of green peas, which is now a busy industry in Delaware, is an interesting process. The peas are shelled by hand and then fed into the hopper of a separator, which divides them into three grades. Then they are put into copper kettles, where they are steamed long enough to wrinkle the outer skin and intensify if possible, the vivid green of the pea. They are then filled into cans, which are placed on an iron tray and dipped in a trough or tub of boiling water, which runs into the cans, filling them to the brim. This water contains whatever of a preservative nature is put into the cans to preserve the vegetable. The cans are then wiped, sealed and placed in iron cages, each cage containing 248 cans. These cages are put into air-tight steam kettles, where the cans are subjected to hot steam under intense pressure for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The peas are then ready for market.

One View of It.

Robinson meets a friend who lost his wife the day before.

"Allow me to offer my sympathies. Let me see—you were married——"

"Thirty years."

"Ah, yes! And it's hard to lose a wife just as one is growing a little used to her."—*Judge.*

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ELUSIVE PAPER DOLLARS.

Adventures of One who Tried to Exchange Silver for Paper.

Some things look mighty easy until you try them. The other morning as I left the house, my wife said:

"Henry, I wish you would send $1 to the office of the *Children's Beacon Light*, and get the paper six months on trial for the children; and they send the loveliest oil painting to every subscriber."

In the course of the day my wife's request came to my mind, and I accordingly wrote the necessary letter to the presiding genius of the aforesaid publication, and then, of course, I had to inclose the dollar. Shall I get a postal note? No, that costs three cents, and this thing is coming enough already. Ha! (I didn't say "ha," I only thought it; but it looks well in print.) I will procure me a $1 bill, and, verily, it shall serve the purpose of a postal note, unless some unworthy and covetous vassal of the postoffice department doth lay hold of the envelope with voracious clutch and abstract the bill therefrom; but there are risks in all things earthly. (I didn't say any of that, either, because there was no one to say it to; but it all passed through my mind.)

Now I had numerous silver coin of the denomination of one dollar about my person; but I had no promissory note of your esteemed relative, Uncle Sam, for that amount. I would just step down stairs and get a bill in exchange for a silver dollar at one of the stores.

The first store I entered was a grocery store. A gazelle-eyed clerk with a protruding forehead was doing up a dollar's worth of light-brown sugar and two bars of soap for a benevolent-looking old lady with a large basket.

"May I trouble you to exchange a dollar bill for a silver dollar?" I asked in that bland tone that has made our family famous in legislative halls. He looked right through me at the stove and said pleasantly:

"Haintgotany—do you prefer this mottled or the Imperial clear soap, Mrs. Jawson?"

Then I tried a dry-goods store. The girl, dressed in the blue jersey, with the blonde bangs, to whom I preferred my request, referred me with an imperious wave of her jeweled hand to the cashier. To that mighty potentate I said:

"May I trouble you to exchange a dollar bill for a silver dollar?"

"Naw, we don't keep silver dollars for dollar bills."

"But I want a dollar bill for a silver dollar."

"O! Well, we don't keep them, either."

I did not insist upon it.

I then tried without success three dry goods emporiums, six retail grocery stores, four confectioners, two banks, and a cigar store. The majority of the tradesmen I came in contact with would look at me in a sad, reproachful, half-suspicious sort of a way when I made my want known, that had I been less determined would have melted me into buying at least $2.35 worth of something I didn't want at almost every store.

At the cigar store I quailed. (The quail season had just begun.) The young man who was perusing the pink columns of the *Police Gazette* at the back end of the store came forward so promptly when I rushed my dollar on the show case, and with such an imploring "strong or mild" look on his ingenuous countenance, that I involuntarily shuddered. (I heard of people doing that before; that's why I did it.) My heart was touched. I do not smoke—it makes me sick and gives me heart-burn—but I said calmly:

"Give me 25 cents' worth of those in the corner—those with the red-paper belt on."

There was a real pretty picture on the box-cover. He gave me three of the cigars and I left.

I felt homeless and alone in the world; every passer-by seemed to regard me with a suspicious stare, as if I were a bodysnatcher or a boodle alderman. I would have paid double the price of admission just then to have seen the face of a friend; but though I lived in that city for many years, not a familiar face could I see. I was about to depart in sadness and a bob-tail car to my office, which I had left a mile behind (it may seem queer that I did not leave my office in front of me where I could watch it, but I did not), when I saw the smiling countenance of a very short policeman. A German gentleman standing across the street at the door of his lager beerery. I am very impulsive, and my impulser at once started me across the street in his direction.

Here, I thought, is a man and a brother, benevolent, certainly; a retailer of malt and spirituous beverages, certainly; and perhaps—stranger things have happened—he has a paper dollar in his till. By the time I had thought all that out with my customary care I was in hailing distance of him; but I didn't hail him, I don't know how to hail. I only said: "How do you do, sir?" He looked at me with a calm, contemplative gaze, and said: "Wegates."

At the termination of this conversation we both went in and had some beer. I felt better then—I could smile at my desolation of a few moments ago. We heeded again. Things, as many things as I could see, began to assume a brighter hue. I would make another effort to get that dollar.

I said: "Mr. Schlieffenheimer (that was the most of his name), do you happen to have a dollar bill in the drawer there?"

"Nn-nn-n-mm-m- hah?" remarked Mr. Schlieffenheimer, pleasantly. "Have you got a dollar bill in your money-drawer?" Again that undeserved look of distrust. "Vell, und vot if I haf?" queried this portly Ganymede.

"Why, you see, I have been looking for one the last two hours; I want to use one." "Vell! Vell! Vell! Vell! Vell! let somebodies use mein moneys, eh? Vot you take me for?" "But you don't understand me. I want you to give me a dollar bill, paper money, you know, for this silver dollar." Mr. S. became needlessly excited at this point: "Of you don'd leaf mein place mit your bartool vagon up mit you."

By that time Mr. Schlieffenheimer's eyes snapped, and the vigor with which he wiped the vagrant beer foam from his counter, I judged he was prepared to execute this threat. As a last desperate chance, I said, with as much impressive solemnity as I could muster: "My friend, I will give you these two silver dollars for a one-dollar bill."

He spoke not, but the energetic manner in which he reached for the bung-starter was so suggestive of an intention to do me bodily harm that I retreated toward the door. Mr. S. followed, and in a choice selection of some of the most inelegant but forcible epithets, from both the German and English language, and with the most appalling fluency, gave me to understand that I would better exercise my nefarious calling in some other place than his; and as I passed the door I was met by a large, red-nosed, navy-blue, brass-buttoned policeman, who said: "Now, look here, Cully, I've bin watchin' you try to work your little game long enough, 'n if you make any more breaks on my beat you go in, now you hear me!" I heard him. Perhaps I looked like a confidence-man then; I know I felt like one. I left the scene of the encounter—it's probably there yet—and with humbled mien I "homeward trod my weary way," musing much upon the aphorism which opens this simple chronicle.

What's that? Did I finally get one? Yes, I did. My wife found those three cigars in my vest pocket that night, and with tears in her eyes said she had known for some time that I was keeping a secret from her, but she never would have supposed that I had contracted that filthy habit. Of course, I had to explain how the nasty things came into my possession, but the only terms under which she agreed to be convinced were that I should give her $15 with which to purchase two yards of that lovely plush, to go in the last winter's wrap she was making over.

Implicit faith in me was cheap at any price, and I had to give her the money, and in that cute little alligator's skin wallet her brother William gave her last Christmas I found the object of my afternoon's disastrous quest—a paper dollar—I had overlooked it. But what has that to do with the case, anyway.—*L. Wiggs, in Puck.*

Shyness.

Shyness (it causes Wilson to forget the names of things, places and people he is talking about, and thereby robs his conversation of much of the charm and interest it would otherwise possess) is the—ah—there's really no accounting for tastes! For instance, there's an old friend of mine, a well known man, called—er—his name escapes me just now—anyhow he's by profession a—a—a—I don't recollect at present the precise nature of his occupation—but his office, or his place of business, or whatever it is, is in—in—forget the exact street—er—or—whereas his private residence is near—near—dear me! what is the name of the square—I've got it on the tip of my tongue!——Well, at all events, it struck me as very odd in that kind of man, his business being what and where it is, that he himself should reside—er—er—where he does, you know!—Anecdote falls rather flat.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Who is Mrs. Crawford, asks some one of the Salad-server. The Mrs. Crawford, whose name is seen frequently in the newspapers, is the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, and a woman of very great ability. She is probably about 50 years old, with a fair, fresh face framed in by gray hairs, an enthusiastic, sympathetic nature which carries every one with her whom she happens to meet, and that comes from the mixture of French and Irish in her make-up. Her memory is something wonderful, and she knows all about nearly every prominent person in Europe. Her husband was formerly the regular correspondent of the *News*, and when he dieds he was appointed in his place, and, strange to say, at a salary of $7,000 a year. This fact, as well as that they have recently leased a private wire from Paris to London at a cost of $40,000 a year, shows what is their estimate of her work.

Among the unpublished writings of Washington Irving was a sketch of a dramatic poem that Byron projected but did not write. The plot was taken from a Spanish play, and it was wild and wierd enough to suit the wild and wierd fancy of the poet, who intended to treat it after the manner of Goethe in Faust. Irving got his information from Capt. Medwin to the war, being 16 years of age at the time of his discharge. He was in four battles, Antietam, Spottsylvania, Titusville and Mouarchy, was shot five times and captured twice while in the Ohio regiment. He is an engineer by profession, although he enrolled as a farmer. Next!

The plot as described in this sketch of Irving's is as follows: A young Spanish nobleman with ungoverned passions led an absolutely wild and reckless career. Presently he found himself occasionally followed by a masked person, whose face he never saw. At first he paid no attention to the stranger, but presently his intrusion began to be irksome. The Spaniard was unable to discover anything in regard to him, even when the latter became his shadow. "Speak of him, he stands by his side; think of him, he feels his presence, though invisible, oppress and weigh upon his spirits like a troubled atmosphere. Waking or sleeping, Alfonso has him in thought or in view. He crosses his path at every turn; like the demon in Faust, he intrudes in his solitude. He follows him into the crowded street or the billiard saloon, thwarting his schemes and thwarting all his intrigues of love or of ambition. In the giddy mazes of the dance in which Alfonso is addressing his fair partner with the honeyed words of seduction, he sees the stranger pass like a shadow before him; a voice like the voice of his own whispers in his ear: the words of seduction die from his lips; he no longer hears the music of the dance."

At last the young nobleman loses all interest in everything. Existence becomes a weary burden. Finally he suspects the unknown of supplanting him with his lady faces him to her house, taxes him with his wrongs and demands satisfaction. They fight, and at the first thrust he passes his sword through his rival, who falls, exclaiming: "Are you satisfied?" The mask drops off, showing the Spaniard the image of himself—his own spectre! He dies with horror. Of course the spectre is to represent the conscience. The fact that this intention of Byron's is not mentioned anywhere except in this hitherto unpublished sketch of Irving's gives the whole matter great interest, and one cannot help wondering what the poet with his vivid but gloomy imagination would have made out of it. That it would have been a work of genius, none will doubt; but that it would have made the world any better by its influence, is questionable. Pictures that chill the very soul with horror may produce fear, but they never lead to a desire to do right for right's sake. However, the majority will hold that the world is a loser by his failure to carry out his idea.

It is hard to imagine that war can ever bring comfort or benefit to women, but just now 200 girls would be thrown out of employment, in danger of suicide, if between Germany and France should pass away, and the war preparations close entirely. They are working for a house in Berlin which is manufacturing little bundles of antiseptic dressing materials. Each German soldier is hereafter to be supplied with them, so that he may dress his own wounds, if the surgeon is not near—a sensible idea, if very good thing it should prove to be too. Of course the work must be done with all pervading cleanliness, and to secure this the girls are dressed in white linen, and they are not allowed to bring anything like food, candy, etc., which might grow stale and unwholesome, into the rooms where the labor is going on. One thing is evident: the machinery for killing is growing more and more perfect, so too are the methods for saving life.

An evidence of the way in which the dress reform, or the improvement in woman's dress, as Mrs. Miller prefers to call it, is progressing, is the appearance in a recent issue of the New York *Graphic* of a picture upon the first page—and taking up a large part of it—of this lady, who has been so successful in arousing interest in the matter. Accompanying it is a sketch of the subject, describing her as a very pretty woman who shows, in her own abounding vitality and splendid health, what right living and right dressing can do for the sex. A private letter from her assures the Salad-server that not only will the magazine be conducted in the interest of this change, but agencies will, in the near future, be everywhere established for the sale of the patterns, so that they can be easily and cheaply obtained. Mrs. Miller descends from the same family as Dr. Wendell Holmes, and is, as the *Graphic* says, a typical Boston woman.

A REAL ARISTOCRAT.

He Handles Stocks and Pens, Reins and Clay, Voters and Diplomats.

William Waldorf Astor sat on Mr. Roosevelt's coach, during the great Coaching club parade, with a loose and not particularly well-fitting coat wrapped around his athletic figure, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. Here is a man who made a brisk canvass as a politician, served well as minister to Italy, models admirably in clay, has written a good book, is now writing a play, manages an estate of $200,000,000 skillfully, and is the virtual head of what undoubtedly ranks as the first family in America. He is clever, brilliant, well-born, and has had every advantage that boundless wealth could buy. He can box like a professional, has broad shoulders, and apparently never thinks of his attire. His father calls him "Bill." On every coach that day there were prim, tightly-clad, supercilious and over-dressed young men, sitting erect and staring with affected indifference at the vulgar herd that surred below them. Undoubtedly they felt like aristocrats, or tried to, but they looked like a lot of tailors' clerks. The only man among them who was absolutely indifferent to his surroundings and his position was William Waldorf Astor.

CONSUL HOWARD FOX.

An Officer which has Become an Heirloom in an English Family.

"There's nothing very peculiar about that signature, is there?" inquired Chief St. Clair, of the consular bureau, as he held out for inspection a consular dispatch signed in a neat, firm hand, "Howard Fox." "And yet it is a singular fact that ever since the time of George Washington the position of United States consul at Falmouth, England, has been held by that family and in that name. The First Fox to hold the office was commissioned by George Washington himself, and the last one, the present occupant of the place, by Gen. Grant in 1874. The family is an English one, and I don't believe they would give up that little office for any other in the gift of the United States government on account of its having been so long in the family. There is no salary attached to the place, the compensation being only by fees, which never exceed $200, or £40 in English money. Mr. Fox, however, spends three or four times that amount in entertaining Americans."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Died of Ice Water.

It is certainly more creditable to die from excessive indulgence in ice water than from drinking too much rum; but, owing to the temperance condition of the future probation question, it is better for people to prolong their days as much as possible here below and make the best of their opportunities than to rush into the uncertain future by drinking too much ice water these hot days. If we are to believe the lamentable parable about Dives, there is one place that is better than this where ice water is conspicuous by its absence, and unless people are pretty sure about their future destination they had better run no risks. All of which is suggested by the death of a woman in Lawrence from drinking too much ice water.

The Missing Link.

Graduates of literary colleges, high schools and seminaries must have the practical training of H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College to enable them to use the knowledge they have to advantage in a business house—the missing link will then be supplied, and the literary education will be made usable.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Small Talk on Picket.

V. F. Biddlemore, of Thornburg, Ia., requests us to publish a history of the 48th O. V. I. If some one will furnish us with a concise account of the service of that regiment, we will be glad to comply.

R. C. Adams, Co. H, 9th N. Y. Vol. Cal., writes that the hospital bummers are more frequently pensioned than any other class, simply because they have the best hospital record.

Still the Youngest.

John E. Simmons, of Munger, Wood county, visited the BLADE office recently. He will be 37 in September. He enlisted with Capt. Milegan, of Warren, Trumbull county, O., in the 86th O. V. I., having been mustered in at Camp Cleveland. He was then 11 years and 9 months old. He was discharged and re-enlisted in the 21st Pennsylvania, and served through the war, being 16 years of age at the time of his discharge. He was in four battles, Antietam, Spottsylvania, Titusville and Mouarchy, was shot five times and captured twice while in the Ohio regiment. He is an engineer by profession, although he enrolled as a farmer. Next!

A Letter from Texas.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am an old soldier and want to be a reader of the BLADE, and will, with your permission, bring a pine knot occasionally. I was a member of Co. B, 5th Tenn. Cav., generally known as Bill Stokes's cavalry. I enlisted in September, 1863, at the age of 15 years, and served until May, 1865. I was exposed during the winter of 1864-5 while I had the measles, and was so badly effected with rheumatism that I was rendered unfit for service, and in May was discharged on account of disability. I am a member of the Dick Yates Post, No. 38 G. A. R. of this city; was one of the charter members, of which there was 39.

My health is very poor indeed. A kind friend gave me a copy of the BLADE and as I perused the letters of the comrades in the CAMP FIRE, it seemed to live three years over again with the comrades. I would be glad, indeed, to hear from any of the boys of my company of regiment.—A. J. THOMPSON, Texarkana, Texas.

Ahoy! Shipmates.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Some time ago I wrote asking you to change the heading of the CAMP FIRE so as to make it read: "Camp Fire and Sundown Yarns," but it was published, but the change was not made. I have been a reader of the BLADE for one year and consider it one of the best weekly papers published. I served in the U. S. Navy during the rebellion on board U. S. S. "Pawnee" South Atlantic squad and I have no doubt whatever that these are many old "tars" who served in the navy and who are subscribers to the BLADE. I again make the request to add "Gundeck" to the heading of this department, and thereby make it more interesting for those who served in the navy. I thank shipmates H. Graham, of Franklin, N. Y., who served on board U. S. S. Brookl

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice addre ss must b given in all cases, but, when specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Rulers of England.

Mary K. Love, Whitinsville, Mass.:

Please give the names of the kings of England in their order, from the accession of Egbert, the Saxon, in 827, to the accession of Victoria, in 1837, and oblige an engineer.

Since Egbert, first king of all England, who took the throne A. D. 827, the Britons have had fifty-eight rulers, as follows: Of the Saxons and Danes: Egbert, the first of the long line, who raised 32 years; Ethelwolf, son of Egbert, reigned 19 years; Ethelbald, son of Ethelwulf, two years; Ethelbert, second son of Ethelwulf, 8 years; Ethelred, third son of Ethelwulf, 5 years; Alfred, fourth son of Ethelwulf, 30 years; Athelstan, eldest son of Alfred, 15 years; Edmund, brother of Athelstan, 6 years; Edred, brother of Edmund, 9 years; Edwy, son of Edmund, three years; Edgar, second son of Edmund, 17 years; Edward the Martyr, son of Edgar, 4 years; Ethelred II., half-brother of Edward, 37 years; Edmund Ironside, eldest son of Ethelred, reigned less than 1 year; Canute, by conquest and election, 18 years; Harold I., son of Canute, 5 years; Hardicanute, another son of Canute, 2 years; Edward the Confessor, son of Ethelred II., 24 years; Harold II., brother-in-law of Edward, less than one year. In the year of this latter reign, A. D. 1066, the House of Normandy attained the Crown by conquest and the sovereigns of that line were: William I., reigned 21 years; William II., third son of William I., 13 years; Henry I., youngest son of William I., 35 years; Stephen, third son of Stephen, Count of Blois, by Adela, fourth daughter of William I., 19 years. The accession passed to the House of Plantagenet, A. D. 1154, which reigned as follows: Henry II., son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, by Matilda, only daughter of Henry I., 35 years; Richard I., eldest surviving son of Henry II., 10 years; John, sixth and youngest son of Henry II., 17 years; Henry III., eldest son of John, 56 years; Edward I., eldest son of Henry III., 35 years; Edward II., eldest surviving son of Edward I., 20 years; Edward III., eldest son of Edward II., 50 years; Richard II., son of the Prince, eldest son of Edward III., 22 years. In 1399 Richard was deposed and the House of Lancaster succeeded, as here set down: Henry IV., son of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III., 13 years; Henry V., eldest son of Henry IV., 9 years; Henry VI., only son of Henry N., (deposed 1461 and died 1471) 39 years. After the House of Lancaster the House of York: Edward IV., (whose grandfather was Richard, son of Edmund, fifth son of Edward III., and his grandmother, Anne, great granddaughter of Lionel, third son of Edward III.,) ascended the throne in 1461 and reigned 22 years; Edward V., eldest son of Edward IV., reigned less than 1 year; and Richard III., the younger brother of the fourth Edward, reigned but 2 years. Henry VII., the first of the House of Tudor, became King in 1485. He was the son of Edmund, eldest son of Owen Tudor, by Katharine, widow of Henry V.; his mother, Margaret Beaufort, was great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt. He reigned 24 years; was succeeded by Henry VIII., his only surviving son, who reigned 38 years; he by Edward VI., son of Henry VIII., by Jane Seymour, who reigned 6 years; he by Mary I., daughter of Henry VIII., by Katharine of Arragon, 5 years, and she by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII., by Anne Boleyn, whose reign continued 44 years. Her court was described as "a place where there was no love except that of the dusty god, Asmodeus." There was the favorite, Earl of Leicester, was placed next to the Queen's. Elizabeth had a succession of favorites, some of whom she beheaded. She was the murderer of Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth was succeeded by the son of Mary and Darnley, whom she had beheaded. As the Tudors came from a Welsh squire, the Stuarts sprang from a Highland freebooter. James I. was described by the French ambassador at his court as "the wisest fool in Europe." He was a narrow-minded tyrant. Charles I. was beheaded for pursuing the tyrannical policy of his father James I. Charles II. was the King of the Restoration. He was courtier-like and popularly called "the old goat." His first mistress, the Dutchess of Monmouth, publicly called him an idiot. He was the most dissolute of monarchs. The history of his reign is little more than the memoirs of his mistresses. But he was a tyrant withal. James II. tried to be a tyrant, too, but was driven into exile. William III. was a Dutchman who had no more right to share the English throne with his wife Mary, the late Prince Consort. William accepted a bribe of £10,000 from the East India company, but conferred the private estate of James II., worth £98,000, upon one of his mistresses, Elizabeth Villiers, Dutchess of Orkney. Many of William's Duch retainers were made peers of England, of the progeny of whom the present absurd Duke of Portland is a specimen. Queen Anne succeeded her sister's Dutch husband. For the greater portion of her reign the real sovereigns of England were John Churchill and Sarah Jennings, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Contrary to his ancestor Coke, the present Duke of Marlborough is an angel. George I., Elector of Hanover, was the first of the Guelph or German line. He and his household and his mistresses were all Germans. The language of the state was French. He was a husband and father George was brutal. He immured his wife in a dungeon at the age of 28, where she was kept until she was 60, for a suspected intrigue with Count Konigsmark. The count was murdered by the king's order, and George's own son, afterward George II., very narrowly escaped death for attempting to visit his mother. Not only the king but even the infants of his harem followed the most debased English people. George II was, if possible, a worse man than his father. His queen, Caroline, not only tolerated his concubines, but sometimes acted as procuress for the king. George III was the grandson of George II. George's father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was described by his mother, Queen Caroline, as the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest canaille in all the world, and so he was the whole world. The third George reigned 60 years. During much of that time he was a madman. When he was not mad he tried to play the tyrant. George IV was a bigamist. In 1759 he married Hannah Lightfoot in Curzon Street Chapel, Mayfair, and in 1762, while his wife was still living, the Princess Charlotte Sophia—"Stuffy Charlotte," of Mecklenburg Strelitz. George IV was illegitimate. Like his father he was also a bigamist. In 1775 he married Mrs. Fitzherbert, the actress, and in 1794 Caroline of Brunswick. On the occasion of his bigamous marriage he was drunk. For the rest of his life he vainly tried to secure a divorce from Queen Caroline. The history of this king—the first gentleman in Europe—is one of adulteries, lies and debts. William IV., came to the throne at the age of 65. Nobody ever accused him of being a gentleman. William had nine children by Mrs. Jordan, the actress. He left the mother to starve and die in a foreign land, but provided for her children at their public expense. This is the royal line of England. There never was a really good man or woman among them.

Taxing Liquors.

Lula V. Moore, Fort Worth, Tex.:

Please answer the following question: 1. When was revenue first put on liquor in the United States? 2. Was it ever discontinued then put on again, and in what year?

1 and 2. There is little doubt that the raising of a revenue was the primary object of the tax upon liquors. This seems probable from the fact that an excise of this kind has generally been resorted to when funds to carry on a war were needed. The first excise on liquors in England was levied by the revolutionary Parliament at Westminster in 1643, to raise money to continue the conflict with the king. The tax was laid on ale, beer, cider, and perry. The king's Parliament at Oxford immediately levied a similar tax. Both parties agreed that when the war was over the tax should be abolished, but when that time arrived it was found to be too fruitful a source of revenue to be given up, and it has ever since been a part of the revenue system of Great Britain. The development of the indirect taxation plan in Great Britain led to the levying of excise on nearly every commodity of common consumption. When these were largely removed, because of the popular dissatisfaction, the taxes on liquors, which in effect were next to the plan that it served, in some degree, as a restriction on their use. The first excise laws in the United States were modeled on those in Great Britain, and were strongly opposed by the people, who had imbibed a hatred felt by the mass people of England toward taxes of that kind. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut imposed a state tax on liquors, probably with the double object of restricting their use and raising a revenue. The first national excise law was one imposing a tax on spirituous liquors, which was devised by Hamilton, and gave rise to the famous whisky rebellion. It should be noted that Hamilton in advocating this law laid especial stress on the great advantages to the country to be gained by restricting the consumption of liquors by high taxes. After the rebellion was quelled, however, the law was largely modified by Hamilton, the tax on whisky lowered, and taxes on various other articles were introduced. When Jefferson became President the excise on liquors was removed. In 1813 it was renewed in the form of a license to raise funds for carrying on the war with Great Britain, but was repealed again in 1817. It was brought to use again in July, 1862, and has ever since been continued, and has included a tax upon the manufacture of the liquor, and also a tax in the form of license upon its sale. We may suppose that the object of restriction has been more generally present in the imposition of a license tax than in that of the excise. The first license tax ever imposed in England was one upon peddlers, and it was believed to have been levied through the influence of the shopkeepers, to diminish the number of these hawkers of goods. The assumption has been made that the license tax on the retailers of liquor in Great Britain was imposed to restrict the trade, but it is not high enough to act as a very efficient check. In France the number of licenses that can be issued to liquor dealers in any town is limited according to a scale graduated by the population in each place. In the United States licenses were at first levied by states and cities, primarily for restriction, and secondarily, for revenue. The license taxes imposed by the Federal government under the law of 1861-'2 were for the purpose of revenue. These, as far as they concern the liquor traffic, are still in force.

Richard Realf.

Miss Mary McM., Scranton, Pa.:

Would the BLADE, through the Question Bureau, give a sketch of the life of Richard Realf?

The story of Realf, the champion of freedom, gallant soldier and true poet, is replete with peculiar and tragic interest, and strangely illustrates the terrible punishment that a man may bring upon himself by a wholly unselfish, though unwise action. Richard Realf was born near Brighton, England, in June, 1834. The story that has been frequently told of his being a natural son of Lord Byron is wholly false. His parents were respectable people, but very poor, and burdened with the care of a large family of children. Richard showed remarkable promise as a boy, and began to write verses at the age of 15. He was employed as a lad-of-all-work in a family where his sister was a servant, and here his talents brought him to the notice of many literary people. He was visited and flattered by Mrs. Jamieson, Lady Byron, Miss Martineau and others, and they interested themselves in having a small volume of the boy's poems published, but these failed to attract much attention or to yield much profit. Lady Byron, whom Realf spoke of in later years as the kindest friend whom he ever knew, seeing that the boy would be spoiled by over-praise, obtained a place for him as amanuensis for a manager of a large estate, with the privilege of spending some time each day at his studies. While in that position young Realf, now in his 19th year, fell in love with the daughter of his employer. The two made love by night when the difference in social rank signified, and he determined to emigrate to "free America." In 1854 he arrived at New York. His first intention was to write a series of sketches on low life in the city, but on visiting the Five Points mission, the inception of the philanthropist in him overcame the ambitions of the author, and he joined one of the missions at work among the poor and degraded, and labored with them for two years. He organized working clubs among laborers, taught in the mission schools, and was indefatigable in his efforts to rescue the degraded. In 1856 his attention was drawn to the existing state of affairs in Kansas, and he joined a Sharpe's rifle company, which was formed in Chicago, and went to Kansas. He served on the staff of Gen. Lane, and wrote many letters for the Eastern press, and also contributed to Kansas journals. He went to Canada with John Brown, and when Brown laid the plan of his provisional government Realf was chosen as his prospective Secretary of State. This scheme being postponed, Realf started on a tour through the South, and was in Texas at the time of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry. He was arrested and narrowly escaped lynching, and was taken to Washington, but, for lack of evidence against him, was released. Early in 1862 he enlisted in the Eighty-eighth Illinois Infantry, and for gallant conduct at Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and after the battle of Franklin was publicly thanked by his corps commander for his bravery in bringing up a store of reserve ammunition without which the battle would have been lost. When his regiment was mustered out in 1865 he was transferred to the Fiftieth Colored Infantry, from which he resigned in 1866 with the rank of brevet lieutenant colonel. He then went to Rochester, N. Y., where he made the dreadful error of his life. He was very ill here, and was nursed by a woman of the town. Upon his recovery, from a mistaken sense of gratitude and relying upon her promise to reform and lead an honest life, he married her. He soon saw what a mistake he had made; the woman relapsed into her habits of depravity, and in despair he enlisted as a private in the regular army. Certain army friends learning of this, however, he was discharged and given an appointment as assessor of internal revenue in South Carolina. He took his wife with him, hoping for a more advantageous home by removing her from old associates. This hope proved delusive, and having endured his insufferable burden for nearly two years more he decided to rid himself of it. As the South Carolina laws would not allow him a divorce, he left his wife and went to Indiana, intending to remain there a year and get one. Before the year was up, however, he started for the East, was taken very ill at Pittsburg, and forced to remain there several months. Recovering, and finding himself almost destitute, he secured a position on the Pittsburg *Commercial*, which he retained several years. He hoped that a more peaceful life was to be his, and sent to England for a young lady sister and her family. But after some eighteen months the woman from whom he had fled got track of him, and followed him. He sued for a divorce, and in Chicago, having no reason to doubt the validity of this, some fifteen months later, Realf was married again, this time to a woman in every way worthy. Enraged by this, the woman whom he had put away recited a lawyer to contest for her this validity of the divorce, and the court on a mere trifling technicality set it aside, and ordered Realf to pay the woman $30 a month for her support. This he did bravely for several years, until it became a question whether he should let his loyal wife and little children starve to keep this creature whom he hated, and then he refused to do so any longer. In the winter of 1876-77, Realf was thrown by an accident out of his newspaper work, and entered the lecture field, where he met with considerable success. But the following year was full of reverses to him, and illness in his family and various misfortunes nearly broke down his courage. His wife was at one time so ill that she had to be taken to a hospital for care, while their little children were put in the charge of an asylum. Then unhappily the oldest child contracted the disease of the eyes, and his father while nursing him, caught the disease and and was unable to do any literary work for several months. Recovering, however, he prepared a volume of his poems for the press, and soon after went to San Francisco, Cal., where a friend had secured him a position in the mint. He left his wife and children with friends hoping at the end of the year to have a home ready for them at the "Golden Gate." But he had scarcely settled himself in his new duties when the evil creature who had wrecked his life walked in upon him there and told him she had come to stay. Deserted at this last blow, Realf wrote to a friend at the East commending to his guardianship his helpless wife and children, and forthwith ended his life with an overdose of laudanum.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

"Old Subscriber," Fort Wayne: No addresses are given in this department.

A. B. E., Ellecottsville, N. Y.: See paragraph in this column headed patents.

F. A. M.:

Who president of Yale College?
Rev. Dr. Porter.

J. M. McMillen, New Bethlehem, Pa.:

Your question would receive a prompt answer by writing direct to the University.

P. M., Brooks, Kan.:

The letter you send us is from a "sawdust" swindler, who pretends he has counterfeit money to sell.

Subscriber, Conover, Ia.:

Please give the nationality and native state of Gen. Hugh McCulloch.

Hugh McCulloch was born in Maine, 1811.

S. W., Wilkinson, Kas.:

Is Sen. Harrison, of Indiana, a son or a grandson of Wm. H. Harrisan, ex-President of the United States?

Grandson.

W. O. S., Wellsville, Kas.:

Will you please to bear in mind, if space will permit, to publish through the Question Bureau the name of the governor of Kansas?

Gov. Martin.

R. B. S., Hastings, Berry Co., Mich.:

Please describe the process of vulcanizing India rubber, and oblige.

See answer to Mourn Driver, Frence, Cal., in Weekly BLADE of June 2.

E. L. Smith, St. Joe, Mo.:

Will you please tell me the best and quickest way of obtaining the address of all the patent medicine firms in the United States?

Write to any newspaper advertising agency.

School Girl, Farragut, Ia.:

Will you please tell me if the children of the royal family in England rule in rotation, according to government ages?

The oldest child always succeeds to the throne.

E. Walters, Carthage, Dak.:

Where can a book or pamphlet be obtained giving rate of duty, and all articles taxed by the government?

From the United States treasurer at Washington.

Scott Wolfinger, Chaseville, Md.:

Please give a short history of the lost arts, viz: "The Damascus Blade," "The Grecian Fire."

See answer to Myra Webber, Meriden, Ill., in BLADE of May 19.

M. F., Redlands, Cal.:

Will you tell me if Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton renounced her woman suffrage principles? If so, what were her reasons, and also the date of her renunciation?

She is still a very hard worker in the cause of woman suffrage.

John Seymour, Dayton, O.:

Please tell me in your columns if the Detroit *Post and Tribune* and *Free Press* are Republican papers, and oblige one who is a constant reader of your valuable paper?

The *Post and Tribune* is Republican and the *Free Press* is free trade Democrat.

J. R. Hunt, Ducktown, Tenn.:

1. When and by whom was Norman J. Coleman, commissioner of agriculture, appointed?

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

2. Give the popular vote of North Carolina on the state ticket in 1886.

1. By Grover Cleveland in 1885. 2. Barrett, Republican, 10,875; Latham, Democrat, 13,630.

C., Hocking Valley:

1. Did Anthony Wayne's body turn to stone after interment? 2. What steps must be taken to form a military company, or rather a militia company?

1. Not that there is any record of. 2. Apply to the adjutant general of Ohio, Columbus. The state's quota is full.

A. H. Jackson, Jonesboro, Miss.:

Will you please inform me who E. P. Lovejoy was, and oblige?

Elijah P. Lovejoy was a Presbyterian minister, editor of the St. Louis *Observer*. For writing against slavery he was obliged to go to Alton, Ill., where he was shot; born in Maine in 1802, killed in 1837.

V. D., Indian Creek, W. Va.:

Please answer the following: 1. Does the government employ detectives? 2. If so, what steps should a person take to get employment? 2. What is required of a person to get employment and what wages do they get?

1. There are many detectives in the employ of the United States government. They receive their appointments through the treasury department. 2. Their pay is regulated by the amount of service they can render the government.

G. W. C., Watseka, Ill.:

1. Please give a short description of how glass is blown. Whether it is blown by machinery or with the blower's mouth. 2. What is the President's salary for a year, or for the term? 3. Is there a law to do away with the board of trade business in Chicago?

1. See answer to J. H. D., Fredonia, Kan., in Weekly BLADE of June 2. 2. $50,000. 3. No law to that effect was ever passed.

Ed. W., Telluride, Colo.:

Will you please inform me through the BLADE what book on chemistry you think best to study without the aid of a teacher? Also, where it can be obtained, and oblige a reader.

There are many. Chemistry is a very hard subject to master without a tutor. Any book store has works of this kind and the bookseller could serve you best. State your question to him.

Miss I. L., ——:

Who in the United States or Germany can I address to assist in finding trace of ancestors, came over 80 years ago, left property, but no trace of locality they came from?

A letter addressed to Hon. George H. Pendleton, United States Minister, at Berlin, stating your question, would doubtless find its way into hands where a key to the lost friends could be found.

A. D. Rhines, Dester, N. Y.:

1, Please publish law on boys entering army under age, without concent of parents. 2. How to get them out. As this this is interesting to us, please publish in full, and oblige an old subscriber.

No persons are taken into the army under that age, unless by misrepresentation, and to get him out might be worse than to leave him in. You could state your case to the secretary of war, at Washington, and if anything can be done for you, he will do it.

W. W., Centralia, Wash. Ter.:

Being a subscriber to the BLADE, I feel free to ask the following questions: Which is the best type-writing machine now in use? How long does it usually take to operate it, and where can it be had? State price, etc., and oblige.

The value of a type-writer to a person depends upon his ability to use it. One person may like one while another prefers another. There are many good kinds. A person can, by constant practice, learn to operate one in six weeks, but to master it requires much longer. They cost from $75 to $125, according to make and finish.

V. J. Woods, Dunkirk, O.:

Would you please inform me what the duties and salary are of the midshipman in the regular Navy, and to who would a person apply to enlist as such.

A midshipman at sea gets $1,000 per year; on shore (on duty) $800; if on leave or waiting orders $600. They are appointed after competitive examination at the military academy at Annapolis, and must be from 14 to 18 years of age and 5 feet high. The congressman in whose district is the last person from whom to seek special information about enlisting. They have charge of quarters on a ship and are directly under the lieutenant in command.

C. W. Hewitt, Barnesville, Mill.

What international law had those vessels violated that were seized by Canada, or in other words, what does our fishery trouble with Canada grow out of?

The convention of 1818 was held to cover the omissions of previous treaties. One point unsettled was the question of the northwest boundary. By the convention, held October 20, 1818, it was agreed that the 49th degree of north latitude was to be the boundary between the United States and British America, from the lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The territory west of these mountains was to remain for ten years in the joint occupation of both parties; in other words, the British Fur company, which claimed by any establishments in that remote region, was not to be disturbed for that period. As to the fishery question, the Americans were granted full fishing rights on the north and east coasts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the coasts of Labrador and the Magdalen Islands; but off the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the Bay of Fundy, and on the western and southern coasts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, American vessels were not to fish within three miles of the shore. The third point of the treaty related to the slaves that had been aided to escape by the British during the war of 1812-14. As the two governments could not agree upon the true interpretation of the article in the treaty of Ghent on this subject, under which a large amount was claimed in the way of indemnity, it was arranged to refer the case to a third power. Soon after Russia was selected as the arbiter. 2. We had an important reciprocity treaty with Canada, which was proclaimed September 11, 1854, and terminated March 17, 1866, on notice given by the United States one year previous. By the terms of this treaty food products of all kinds, nearly all raw materials, and some half manufactured articles, were allowed to pass free from one country to the other. The dissatisfaction with the treaty arose from the owners of mines, timber, etc., in the United States, who found the price of their product kept down by Canadian competition. This treaty has never been renewed, though a strong sentiment in favor of the establishment of a similar reciprocal arrangement exists among business men. A memorial in favor of establishing a general reciprocity treaty with Canada was presented to the United States Government by the National Board of Trade in 1873, but it had no effect.

—A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood, it imparts new vigor to every function of the body.

GOOD FRIDAY DOLE.

Singular Custom Still Existing in the City of London.

A quaint and curious custom has been practised for over 400 years on Good Friday in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, once the finest Norman church in London, and still exhibiting in what is left of it great architectural beauty in the grandeur of its round-headed arcades. In this churchyard on Good Friday 21 poor widows belonging to the parish are assembled round a flat stone tomb of an "unknown person," and each widow "picks up" therefrom a new sixpence, 21 of these coins having been placed there by the church wardens. The origin of this charitable dole is unknown. There are no traces of any will, nor is there any fund set apart for this purpose; but the few shillings necessary are usually subscribed for by two or three of the parishioners. The legend referring to the dole is, that some centuries ago an old widow lady, a resident of the parish, directed by her will that her tomb in the churchyard should be visited by twenty-eight aged widows after matins every Good Friday morning, and that they should "there a d then each pick up a new sixpence," to be laid on the flat top of the stone in readiness for them. Although this curious custom has been observed for 400 years, the name of the founder has been lost, and even her tomb is unknown. The old ladies, however, are accommodated at a large flat stone without a name, where the dole is regularly paid every Good Friday morning.

Charley's Predicament.

They were sitting on the piazza, gazing into the star-studded sky and thinking things unutterable. Said he, finally breaking the silence: "Agatha, dearly pervent in the bosom of Browning, immortal Browning; his words were ever like a mystic throb. And Swinburne, too; what a master of sensuous perspective! I admire both, but in different ways I hardly know which one I prefer. Agatha, which one do you like best?" With half-averted face she murmured, while a thrill of pleasure shot through her heart: "Charley, how can you ask me?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A PEER'S SERMON.

The Earl of Aberdeen Pleads to Young Men for Personal Purity.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The announcement that the Earl of Aberdeen would deliver an address to young men before the Young Men's Christian association attracted a large gathering to the hall of the association on Sutter street, yesterday afternoon. The room was packed before 3 o'clock so that there was not even standing room to be had, and hundreds of people were unable to obtain a footing on the stairs leading to the audience room. After the singing of several hymns Gen. O. O. Howard read a chapter from the Bible, and then introduced the Earl of Aberdeen, who said:

"A man who is not gifted with natural eloquence on the one hand, and who has not had the advantage of a thorough theological training on the other, would make a great mistake if he attempted anything in the way of an impressive address on an occasion of this kind. He must be content to offer what he has to say in a plain and unvarnished style." The speaker then told of the history of a mining venture where vast sums of money had been spent in driving a tunnel into a hillside where it was supposed that a vein of silver-bearing rock existed. The enterprise was finally abandoned by the original projector, and after a lapse of time another undertook the work, and had only driven the tunnel one yard further into the hill when he struck a vein of silver from which great wealth was extracted.

"It was that last yard that made the difference, and the same difference exists in religion. I believe that very many people lose the comfort and help of religion by not going far enough. People often speak of carrying religion too far. I think when they speak of going too far is when people go to extremes. The thing is to ask yourselves, Is religion put first, whether Christ is your master, and whether all a man does is done through loyalty to the Master? This does not imply that a man is incapacitated by religion from taking his proper place in life; quite the reverse. A man may be a good business-man and a prosperous, influential citizen and a leader among men, and still be a truly Christian man. All that is required is that their efforts be made with an eye to the glory of God, and that nothing shall be done contrary to His will. I may sum up by saying that the true Christian desires to make loyalty to the Master the keynote of his life. If this is so, how natural it is that men should band themselves together, as you have done in this association. Of course there is a peculiar responsibility attached to men's named from the prominence they assume. Men will criticise their actions, and will form an opinion of religion from our actions, and men may well take care as to the manner in which, under God's guidance, they carry out this work.

"Another characteristic of manliness is the total absence of mannerisms or affectations. This is of special importance to the Christian young man. A favorit suggestion of the evil one is that the man who professes Christianity must be of rather a namby-pamby order. Straightforwardness about your religious belief and mode of expression of what you think is a valuable characteristic. That is one trait of the Americans which I particularly admire. We English have seen it in Mr. Moody and in the business men and officials who went to hear Mr. Moody expected to hear him speak with a drawl and see him roll up his eyes and shake his head. His directness, simplicity—in fact, his manliness—soon cleared away that impression. I mention that as an instance of the advantage of simplicity, straightforwardness, and manliness, especially in religion. I must allude to what I have already hinted at as the chief attribute of manliness; that characteristic, that tone which implies a high standard of holiness; that is, respect for women. Never be the means of lowering any one, especially a woman, no matter how low she may be already. It would be an affront of manliness with without speaking of the giant obstacle of religion—the great temptation, not only to men in early life, but, I believe, all through life.

"There is no reason why we should not speak of it, for in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred this is the great temptation. Many young men have felt that if it were not for this temptation they could be Christians to-morrow, but this temptation is too much for them. I am afraid that it is the commonest thing in life, when young men come to the large cities, to meet persons who persuade them that young men should not be too straight-laced. They tell him he need not go very far astray. There is no reason why he should be a man of excesses, but they talk of a man's living an absolutely moral life, as though it was an impossibility. I am sorry to say that some doctors even talk that way, but the best authorities say that it is essential for the physical well-being of young men that they should maintain their purity. There is no form of self-denial which more surely brings its own reward. Even if a man does not fall into excess, how can a man be sure he will not regret it in after life? Do not let it be supposed that there is any assumption of self-righteousness on the part of those who have been able to keep free from such things; far from it. Perhaps if they had been subject to the same temptations they also would have fallen. We ought to speak with solemnity of the thing when we know how fearfully strong are the temptations. It is a thing not to be thought lightly of that this thing is found in the most unexpected quarters. In public opinion so that the evil will be reprobated by all.

"There is another evil to which I must allude. I mean the regular habit of loose talk which is supposed to be a sure means of obtaining a laugh. Fools only make a mockery of sin. It is not necessary for me to allude to the difficulty of shaking one's self free from such entanglements. I know all about the intellectual obstacles and difficulties which beset the men who desire to become Christians, but I wish they would balance their reading better. When they read one book opposed to religion I wish they would read another equally good authority on the other side. They get started on the wrong track and go on til they are armed with a great list of arguments with which they can confute any single author. If you want to see what religion is like, try it."

Youthful Indulgence

in pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self confidence and will power, impaired memory, despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fighting a Sword Fish.

The schooner Hattie Allen, of Fall River, R. I., went a swordfishing Monday. Ten miles southeast of Brenton's Reef lightship the crew struck a very lively fish, which came near ending the fishing career of one of their number. When this fish was struck he ran an hour with 40 fathoms of line and a large keg. A man in a rowboat was following his swordship, and when the fish stopped the man began hauling in the line, thinking the fish dead. But instead the fish was very much alive, for it started from the bottom, and, coming to the surface with the sticklike sword, brought up through the bottom of the boat and stove it in. The boat was nearly capsized by the shock, and the sailor had a narrow escape from being impaled on the sword. Seing, however, that the fish had obligingly come to him, he decided to keep it there, and accordingly tossed a half hitch about the sword sticking through the bottom of the boat, and held the fish until the schooner bore down upon him and picked him up. The schooner came into Newport, and the fish was sent to Fall River yesterday morning. It weighed 250 pounds.

Fanny's Self-possessed Lover.

"You want to marry my Fanny, do you?" said the rich old parent, as the gilded youth who had hovered about the front parlor persistently for the last three months, whether the gas was lit or not.

"Yes, sir," said the youth, apparently much relieved.

"Very well," said the old gentleman with a self-satisfied chuckle, "you can have her. Here, by the way, are a few of her bills, which I may as well submit to you now as at any other time."

"Ah, yes," murmured the young man, not in the least abashed, "here are my bills, too," as he pulled a handful of papers out of his pocket. "We'll just stack 'em up together, and you can fix it all up in a jump whenever you feel like it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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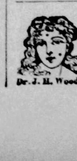

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Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE.

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BATTLE FLAGS.

How They Were Regarded by the Fathers.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* says:

Eighty-three years ago the secretary of War was requested by the House of Representatives to report what had become of the flags, standards and colors captured at various times by the United States forces. Secretary Armstrong made a prompt response to this inquiry, and the whole subject was thereupon referred to a committee, of which Mr Seybert was chairman. This committee in due time presented an elaborate report, setting forth the reasons why such trophies should be preserved:

It is believed there cannot be a difference of opinion on this subject; it is natural to rejoice at the victories and glory of our country. In Europe, the trophies which have been gained in war are most prized with uncommon care. As monuments of national power, they have ever been cherished by all civilized nations. In England they are highly prized. Not content that they should constitute the ornaments of their military institutions, such standards are deemed proper subjects for the decoration of the temples which they have consecrated to the purposes of religious worship. In France, the galleries of Notre Dame are blazoned with these splendid trophies; the chapel of the Hotel of the Invalides is richly embellished. The trophies of war ornament the places of worship in Prussia, Bohemia and Austria. It affords no common satisfaction to the disabled and wounded veteran soldier when he informs the inquisitive visitor that he gloriously fought in the battle which may have gained some of them; for the time he forgets his former sufferings and his present disabled condition: his consolation rests upon the power and glory of his country, so fully demonstrated by the sight of numerous ensigns which have been taken.

The committee further reported that the Congress of the Revolution had been urgent to preserve the trophies taken on the field of battle. Finally it discussed the real value of such care in exciting national spirit:

The value of standards does not depend up

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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

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THE LESSON OF EXPERIENCE IN ATLANTA AND IN KANSAS.

Actual experience is worth volumes of experience; practical results are always a complete and unanswerable reply to opposite arguments. The friends of Prohibition have now this weapon placed in their hands by the candid statement of the Atlanta *Constitution*, the leading newspaper of Georgia, regarding the result of one year's enforcement of Prohibition in that city, and by the powerful letter of Governor MARTIN, of Kansas, correcting certain widely-circulated falsehoods concerning the city of Atchison, and giving a synopsis of the benefits of Prohibition in that state. Both these documents were given in the columns of the BLADE, on Thursday.

The paragraph referred to regarding the city of Atchison was to the effect that the city revenue had fallen so low, consequent upon the destruction of the liquor traffic, that the gas, water and electric lights had been turned off; the members of the fire department and the city police discharged because there was no money in the city treasury to pay them, and that the business of the city was going to ruin. Governor MARTIN brands this as an atrocious lie, told for the purpose of aiding the Rum campaign in other states.

The gas, water and electric lights are not turned off, the fire department has not been discharged, and a large reduction of the police force was made, simply because the city has become so orderly since Rum was banished that so large a number of officers were not needed. The city has grown rapidly in population since Prohibition began its reign by the closing of the last saloon in 1886, and her trade for the first six months of this year was one-third greater than for the same time last year. There is a decided building boom, more new structures are under way than in any previous year, the streets are being extensively paved, and Atchison is flourishing. The only foundation for the lying statement is the fact that a local dispute regarding the collection of taxes temporarily placed the city government in a tight financial position; but this was not because of the closing of the saloons. The falsehood was telegraphed out from St. Joseph, Missouri, a rival town to Atchison, and was primarily inspired by jealousy.

That part of Governor Martin's letter which traces the struggle in Kansas for the closing of the Rum-holes is extremely interesting, and his statement of the rapid growth of prosperity of the state, freed from the incubus of the Rum Devil, is full of argument by which the advocates of Prohibition can refute the lying, specious pleas of the Rum Power in Texas, and Tennessee, and Oregon, where the battle for Prohibitory amendments are raging. Six years of Prohibition in Kansas, even though the earlier ones were simply a series of struggles with the law-defying saloon element, which was finally driven into holes and corners and extirpated entirely, has proved that Prohibition does prohibit, and that a free commonwealth grows faster, improves more rapidly, and if far more prosperous, than under the iniquitous rule of the Rum Power.

The testimony of the *Constitution* to the benefits conferred on Atlanta by Prohibition, after one year's experience, is quite as emphatic as that of Governor MARTIN. The same causes produce the same results in Georgia as in Kansas, in Atlanta as in Atchison. Note the facts stated by the Atlanta *Constitution:*

> Prohibition does prohibit, and that law is as closely observed as the laws against gambling, theft, carrying concealed weapons, etc.
>
> The city has not been financially injured, nor has taxation increased. The assessed valuation of the city is *two million* dollars greater than it was a year ago. The increase of valuation has more than made up the loss of $40,000 Rum taxes to the city.
>
> The rooms formerly occupied by saloons are not vacant, but filled by legitimate business men. The money that formerly went over the bars now is spent for the necessities of life, and for the improvement of the homes of the people. New stores were needed to meet the increased demand, and do a profitable business.
>
> The most significant improvement consequent upon Prohibition is in the condition of the masses of the people. Families that formerly lived in part of a house now occupy a whole one. More laboring men and mechanics are buying lots and building cottage homes, than ever before. Fifteen new stores have been opened for the sale of house furnishing goods, to supply the increased demand. Retail dealers sell more, and collect more promptly. Money is plenty, and the people prosperous, now that the drain into the pockets of the Rum Power is stopped.
>
> The children more generally attend the public schools, the number of pupils having largely increased. Nearly 2,000 persons have joined the churches during the year, and the attendance on Divine service and at the Sunday schools has largely increased. There has been a vast decrease in crime. The chain-gang has but few offenders. The moral tone of the people has improved, there is a stricter obedience to law, and a stronger public feeling for the execution of all laws that conserve morality and good order.

But the most significant feature of all is, the change in public sentiment regarding the Prohibitory law. The majority in its favor in Atlanta, a city of 60,000 people was only 235. Now the people will not listen to any proposition to reopen the saloons; and we predict that at the end of the two years from the date of the election, when it will be permissible to hold another election, that it will prove difficult for the Rum Power to obtain enough signers to the petition to allow the ordering of a new vote on the question. It is absolutely certain that it will not carry. The saloon has gone forever from Atlanta.

The same growth of public sentiment in favor of Prohibition is found in Kansas. Out of 300,000 voters not 75,000 would vote to-day to remove the restrictive clause from the state constitution. Do not these figures show, stronger than any possible argument, that the effect of Prohibition has been for the general good of those sections which have embraced it? How often do we hear of a city or county that had tried local option in the South going back to Rum? And the progress of local option by counties in such states as Georgia shows that none of the alarming effects predicted by the Rum Power ever come to pass. Would the people of a county vote for it after it had been tried in an adjoining county, if the effect on business were bad?

Prohibition is a blessing to the people, the city, the state. The time is rapidly coming when it will embrace the entire nation. Every argument that is advanced against it by the advocates of Rum has been proved false by actual experience. There is no reason against, but every reason for, Texas, and Tennessee, and Oregon to join the ranks of the Prohibition communities, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

AT a reception in London on the Fourth of July, Mr. BLAINE was called upon to respond to the sentiment, "The day we celebrate," which he did neatly and effectively as follows:

> I believe, Mr. Chairman, that the United States is the only nation of the world that has a known birthday. All other nations began they know not when and grew up to power they know not how. The United States sprang to govern from this day. The right of its people to government is solemnized with increasing fervor and patriotism on the day which we now celebrate for the one hundred and eleventh time. While enjoying the hospitality of the old country from which the United States took its birth, it might be worth while to reflect that if the transaction of 1776 had not taken place neither England now to United States would have amounted to as great a country as each one does to-day; in each case the half has proved greater than the whole. We have our little disputes in America as in England, and we have the same quick way of settling them. On this great national day of the Republic there are no Democrats, no Republicans. We are all Americans when the fate of the Republic is at stake, as in God's providence it was once. Democrats forget and help Republicans to fight. So is a pure Democrat or a pure Republican who in a crisis of his country can surrender any minor beliefs or prejudices and remember simply that he is an American.

A DECREE of divorce has been set aside by a New York appellate court and a new trial ordered, because the evidence upon which it was granted was that of a woman of the town and of a private detective, hired to "shadow" the husband. Judge VAN BRUNT condemned such a course in scathing terms. Said he:

> The former is prostituted influenced by money or for the gratification of feelings of revenge seems willing to swear in any way desired, while the private detective furnishes the evidence which he is employed to secure, even though he has to resort to his own fertile brain for the facts or supposed facts upon which he founds his testimony.
>
> The justice of the setting aside of a decree granted upon such evidence is patent to all right-minded men. It should take the evidence of honorable men or women, not of the vile and venal.

THE record of Horse-claims Clerk HARVEY, whose forgeries at Washington have created quite a stir, seems to have been generally unsavory. Upon the death of his father he borrowed $30,000 on his prospects, but when the estate was settled it was found that he had spent his allowance, and his creditors were left with an empty bag. It is said also that when he married he took a bridal trip in a special palace car, traveling like a magnate, but he failed to settle his bills afterward. The question naturally arises, how did such a man obtain a position under this "reform" administration? By what possible means could he obtain the entree to the select circle of Democratic saints and angels?

WHO dares to shut his eyes to the fact that the temperance movement is growing steadily in strength? At Minneapolis, Minn., only 149 out of about 350 saloonkeepers have applied for licenses under the new $1,000 law. This has been rigorously enforced at the start-off, and scores of the poorer rumsellers whose places have been closed are looking about for some other employment. The falling off in the number of applications for licenses throughout the state is estimated at 20 per cent. In St. Paul dice-shaking in saloons has been illegal since last Saturday. Floyd county, Ga., "went dry" on the 9th. The Rum Power is being pulverized.

IT may be of interest to present the estimate of the Galveston *News* (anti-Prohibition) as to the vote of Texas on August 1, when the Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution will be voted upon:

For prohibition, native whites	117,975
For prohibition, foreign votes	8,586
For prohibition, colored votes	26,816
Total	154,337
Against prohibition, native whites	78,653
Against prohibition, foreign votes	38,344
Against prohibition, colored votes	53,026
Total	170,023

THIS may fairly be taken to be the Democratic idea of the G. A. R., as it is from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which claims to be the adviser-in-ordinary of GROVER CLEVELAND, who carries the Democracy in his breeches pocket:

> There is, we are sure, no section, North or South, which opposes even the most generous treatment of the old soldiers of the Union. But the G. A. R. has fallen into disrepute. The claim agent and the teamster, the bummer and the camp-follower, have come largely into control of the organization, or have been allowed to speak for it unrebuked.

THE opinion gains ground that CLEVELAND'S letter declining to go to St. Louis is part of a scheme concocted in revenge for the rebel flag protests, and which is intended to effect the disruption of the Grand Army. "Old Veto" will fail again, if that is his purpose. Politicians have tried to use the G. A. R. before now, and, failing to do so, have tried to break it up, but without success.

MR. EDGERTON, of the Civil Service commission, says there will be a hot contest in Indiana over Senator VOORHEES's seat, and that there is no telling how it will end. He says that Governor GRAY will be a candidate, and that he would have been chosen to succeed BEN HARRISON but for the fact that his election would have seated a Republican as governor.

BE especially careful of yourself these days. The weather is hot and the atmosphere humid—the most favorable conditions for sunstroke.

A MUGWUMP WAIL.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is the most distinguished mugwump of the country. He is by all odds the most talented man of that Pharisaical band, who thank God daily that they are not as other men; and he is a man who is thoroughly consistent in his mugwumpery, and not a mere pervert to Democracy. In the *Weekly* for July 4, Mr. CURTIS talks earnestly of the changes in office-holders under CLEVELAND'S administration, and the President's defection from his civil service promises. Says Mr. CURTIS:

> A table of changes in the national civil service has been lately published, which, if accurate, is extremely important, and if seriously inaccurate should be authoritatively corrected. The table has been widely reproduced to the injury of the administration, and if it be accurate it is very significant.
>
> The number of employes of the government of all kinds contained in the official register is about 115,000 or 120,000. Of these fabout 14,000 are included in the classified service, which covers about 5,650 places in the departments at Washington, and 8,263 in the postal and customs service elsewhere, distributed among 28 postoffices and seven custom houses.
>
> Outside of the classified service all the minor places are held at the pleasure of certain superior officers, mainly postmasters, collectors of customs and internal revenue, surveyors and other port officers, marshals, district attorneys, and land officers. These are the effective agents when the service is made a political machine, and upon them a very large proportion of the subordinate places depend. To effect a clean sweep, therefore, a change of a certain number and class of officers only is necessary.
>
> Jefferson, in his famous letter to Duane in 1803, in which he explains his apparent slowness in making changes, points out that in the state of Pennsylvania there were only eight officers subject to his nomination, and that of these five were in Jeffersonian and three in Federalist hands. But he adds that the five Jeffersonians have the appointment of every subordinate officer, while the Federalists "can not appoint even their own clerks." The charge of a few chief officers is equivalent to the charge of hundreds of minor officers.
>
> The number of chief officers, including the 52,000 or 53,000 fourth-class postmasters, Presidential postmasters, collectors, land officers and many others, according to the table, is about 56,134. Of these, according to the table, there have been 47,992 changes. The changes covers deaths, resignation, justifiable dismissals and expirations and expirations.
>
> Looking at the table as published more closely, of the fourth-class postmasters, who are 52,609 in number, and who hold at the pleasure of the postmaster general, about 44,000 are reported to have been changed. In the remainder of these offices the movement is so small that they are nor sought or desired, and it is often difficult to find persons who are willing to take them.
>
> It follows that in that system of offices which is universally diffused throughout the country, and which is the most effective part of the whole machine of patronage, a practically complete change, according to this table, has been already effected. Of the 2,359 Presidential postmasters, who have a term of four years, a very inconsiderable number, so far as known, have been reappointed, and all but 300 or 400 have been changed. Of 111 collectors of customs, who have the same term, 100 have been changed.
>
> These are illustrations of the statements published. If true, they are also precedents. If the statement regarding the fourth-class postoffices is approximately accurate, there has been a clean sweep of that service in two years. If that be possible under an administration whose head is sincerely interested in reform, what is to prevent a similar sweep under any successor; and where, then, so far as this matter is concerned, is the gain for reform?

There is no doubt of the correctness of the figures in the table to which Mr. CURTIS refers. Therefore his deduction is correct, that a clean sweep has been made of the fourth-class postmasters, in every office where the emoluments are worth anything to the incumbent. Almost all the postmasters in the Presidential offices have been changed, and the subordinates therein are also changed, Republicans giving place to Democrats, or changes are making as rapidly as it can be done without too much injury to the service. The same thing is true of the collectors of customs, of whom 100 have been changed out of 111; while the last Republican internal revenue collector was removed a few days ago. It is safe to say that in the customs and internal revenue offices, every Republican subordinate has been replaced by a Democrat.

No wonder Mr. CURTIS admits that two years have resulted in a practically clean sweep, and wonderingly asks the question, "If that be possible under an administration whose head is sincerely interested in reform, * * where * * is the gain for reform?"

There is no gain for "reform," Mr. CURTIS; the mistake you made in the start was in supposing that CLEVELAND could be stronger than the party which elected him. Your scholarly life and lack of a profound and intimate knowledge of practical politics—for your acquaintance with politics has been really that of a spectator, not one of the inside workers—have led you into the belief that CLEVELAND really meant to carry out, in good faith, so far as lay in his power, the principles of civil service reform. This is clearly shown by the concluding sentences of your article:

> Great changes, indeed, were fairly to have been expected. Even a division of the service between the parties, although a procedure not justifiable by the principles of reform, might have been accepted as, under the circumstances, an expedient compromise. But the table which has been published, if not altogether incorrect, shows that by the close of the term of the administration the civil service will be as completely partisan as under any recent administration.
>
> This situation, indeed, would have been no better under a Republican administration, as experience has shown. But the President, strong as he is in the confidence of the country personally, and in the general character of his administration, would have been still stronger if he had insisted in every department of the government that when an equitable partition of the service between the parties had been secured, political removals should cease.
>
> The result of this course would have been much more than a party or personal advantage. Assuming the correctness of the table, if the changes had stopped when the equilibrium had been reached, the Republican taunts at "the reform administration" would have been silenced; the Democratic Bourbons would have been no more dissatisfied than they are now; the general feeling of the country toward the administration would have been still more friendly; and after another term, in which changes would have been made only for good reasons, the reformed system would have been intrenched in public favor so strongly that no President would have dared to disturb it. The papers which published the table have given no authority for it, but we have observed no denial of its accuracy, and there has long been a surmise that changes in the service have gone quite beyond an equitable distribution between the parties—a course which, as we said, would have seemed, as an expedient, reasonable to the public mind. If the report of this wholesale change be untrue, the fact should be made known. If it be true, the fact is for every reason to be deeply regretted.

The simplicity of Mr. CURTIS's character is shown in the fact that he supposed that CLEVELAND could have withstood the pressure had he promptly allowed half the offices to be changed, so that each party should have an equal share. The Democratic party is a spoils party; and it would not have allowed such a thing to be done, even had CLEVELAND desired it.

But we do not believe that CLEVELAND desired it. He played with the mugwumps to secure their support. When he was elected, he saw that the pressure for office would be something tremendous, and he used his pretended adhesion to civil service reform as a defense against the vast throng of thirsty and hungry applicants—while behind it he managed the changes as rapidly as he could. The mugwumps were tricked. CLEVELAND saw that he had committed them, body and soul, to his support; and now they cannot take the back track without making themselves the laughing stock of the country. All they can do is to assume, as Mr. CURTIS does, that the President meant well, but that his party made him yield.

THE usual effects of Democratic "reform" are developing themselves in the New York custom-house. The payments for laborers are increased $30,000; but then, laborers do not come under the civil-service rules. The contingent expenses of the Surveyor's office have been increased $40,000, but the civil service rules do not apply to this either. Everything not under strict civil service rules is being run to make votes for the Democracy. If such things had occurred under a Republican collector, the Democratic organs would have shrieked in chorus, "Turn the rascals out!"

A MUCH-mooted question—what form should be used in addressing the chair when occupied by a woman—has been settled at Lake Bluff in favor of "Madame President." That's all right—the weather is too hot to argue the matter.

THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

On August 18 a total eclipse of the sun occurs, which will be one of the most favorable for observation by astronomers of any that have occurred for many years, because of the great length of the land lines traversed by the flying shadow of the moon. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is occupied by the sea, and in a majority of the total eclipses of our luminary the path of total obscuration crosses the ocean, and hence astronomers are prevented from making any observations of value. In the coming eclipse, the line of totality is almost entirely over the land.

It touches the earth first at Berlin, early in the morning. It will pass eastwardly from this point and, traversing the entire width of Russia and Siberia, will reach the sea of Japan a little south of Vladivistock. Trending southeastwardly, the shadow track will pass across Hondo, the main island of Japan, in a line running from Niigata, upon the western coast, to Mito. The observers upon the streets of Tokio will be favored with a sight of the eclipse a little south of the line of totality. The giant shadow will rise and disappear from the surface of the earth at a point nearly 1,000 miles east of Japan in the Pacific ocean.

The total phase of the eclipse is not as long as astronomers would wish. The longest total eclipse which has been observed during the present century occupied a period of nearly six minutes. This was in India, some 20 years ago. The total phase of the present eclipse will last about four minutes at Lake Baikal, the most favorable point, with the sun at maximum altitude; while at most of the observing stations at either end of the line the length of the total phase will occupy from three and a quarter to three and a half minutes.

A large number of parties of astronomical observers will go to Russia and Western Siberia, which is the most favorable part of the path for making observations, as the duration of the phase of totality is there the greatest. The Russian government has placed its telegraph lines at the service of all the observers of all nationalities. This country will be represented by a scientific party, the following detailed account of which is from the New York *Tribune:*

> The American eclipse expedition is under the charge of Professor David P. Todd, director of the Amherst College Observatory, who is accompanied by his accomplished wife. At the invitation of Professor Todd, the Rev. W. J. Holland, Ph. D., of Pittsburg, Pa., forms one of the party, and will devote himself to botanical and zoological study in connection with the expedition. By direction of the secretary of the navy, Rear Admiral Pennock, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, United States Navy, will detail a party of officers from the eastern station to assist in making observations.
>
> The party will also be reinforced by a number of photographers whose services will be secured in Japan, inasmuch as the work of the expedition will be largely photographic.
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> This party is the only foreign expedition which has decided upon observations near the eastern end of the line of totality, and a location upon the soil of Japan. The only other American party which will observe the eclipse is under the direction of Professor Charles A. Young, the well-known astronomer of Princeton, N. J., who sailed a few days ago from New York, accompanied by Professors Brackett and McNeill, also of Princeton, and a number of ladies. His party will co-operate with that of Herr Struve, the celebrated director of the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, and will seek a location, probably in the neighborhood of Moscow.
>
> All along the line from Moscow to Tobolsk, a number of photographic and French telescopes will be directed with parallel axes toward the sun. The fact is worthy of note that the line of this eclipse follows throughout almost its entire length the line of the Russian overland telegraph, and to Professor Todd, of the Japanese-American Expedition, is due the credit of having suggested that this line be employed for the purpose of verifying discoveries which may chance to be made by observers in the progress of observations near the commencement of the total phase at its western end. The shadow of the moon passing from west to east across the surface of the earth occupies a definite period of time, so that the eclipse occurs nearly two hours later in Japan than in Russia, and thus abundant opportunity will be given for the transmission of a message, provided arrangements can be made to have the telegraph lines open for this purpose.

THE Detroit *Evening News* is doing a good work in sending a representative to interview prominent men in border Canadian towns upon the question of commercial union between the Dominion and the United States. So far there is substantial unanimity in favor of the plan at all points visited in the province of Ontario, and the same feeling no doubt prevails all over the Dominion. The significant fact about the matter is, that the Canadians admit that this will lead eventually to political union—the annexation, with her own consent of Canada to the United States. That is all right. It is manifest destiny that it should be so. The North Pole should be the northern boundary of the Union.

THE *Bankers' Monthly*, of Chicago, gives in compact form the common sense of the proposition that the treasury surplus shall be devoted to the purchase and retirement of bonds, until 1891, when they become subject to call, as follows:

> Why should it be thought such a dreadful thing for the government to go into market and buy its own bonds at the current rate of premium? Is the present worth of the 6's per cent. bond, having four years to run, as much as 109 or 110? Yet that is the quoted price of the issue of 4½'s that mature in 1891. It does not make such a wonderful difference whether the Treasury pays four years' interest at once, or one year's interest four times in succession.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper publishes two pages of letters and documents by ABNER L. BLAKE, late deputy United States collector at Port Townsend, W. T., who died under mysterious circumstances in Chicago last May, in which BLAKE shows that H. F. BEECHER, son of HENRY WARD BEECHER, defrauded the government while collector at Port Townsend. Mugwumps may be dreadfully virtuous in politics, but when it comes to stealing from the government they are not superior to the average Democrat.

STATE rights is an active doctrine in the Lone Star state. The Texas court of Appeals evidently thinks it is a "bigger" one than the United States Supreme court. That state has a statute which imposes a tax on "drummers" or commercial travelers selling goods within its limits from other states. The court of Appeals has just pronounced the statute constitutional—a decision which is in direct conflict with the recent decision of the United States Supreme court in the Memphis case.

THE pool of wall paper manufacturers formed several years ago has come to an end by a failure to renew the agreement. There are about 35 wall paper manufactories in the United States, situated mainly in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Buffalo. Of these, sixteen were regularly in the pool and six conformed to its requirements in every particular, except the pooling of profits.

THE New York *World* has obtained and published replies from nearly 200 labor organizations relative to proposed political action. About one-third favor independent action in state and local elections, and about as many favor the nomination of a Labor candidate for the Presidency. Their anticipation is to get about 75 per cent. of their vote from the Democrats and 30 from Republicans.

IT is said there is much dissatisfaction in relation to the prospect of the completion of preparations at the Washington navy yard for arming the navy. One officer is reported as saying that it will be at least three years, with the most favorable conditions, before the foundry can be started. The delivery of steel will not be commenced for two years. What is being done now should have been done long ago.

GOVERNOR FORAKER is preparing for the August number of the *Forum* an article setting forth at length the reasons why, in his judgment, the Republican party should be returned power. The argument will touch upon all the important issues of the coming campaign.

DEFACING "OLD GLORY."

The extreme loyalty to the Union of some Southern men may be gauged by certain utterances made during the visit of Gen. Lander Post, G. A. R., of Lynn, Mass., to Richmond. The Post went to the Gettysburg reunion and thence to the capital of Virginia, where the members were the guests of R. E. Lee camp, C. V. The members mingled with the Pickett men at Gettysburg, and saw or heard no repulsive talk concerning the late unpleasantness until they reached Richmond. That evening a banquet on a large scale was held at Sanger Hall in that city. Probably 400 people attended, including all the representative men in Richmond.

The speeches were all of a satisfactory tenor until H. W. FLOURNOY, secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia, was called upon. His remarks concerning the war and its results were so objectionable to many that they left the hall. He defended the Confederate action in the struggle in such a manner as to make himself repulsive to the Northern visitors. He wanted the American flag "amended" to the extent of placing the rebel stars and bars in a prominent position thereon. The excuse was offered that Mr. FLOURNOY must have been "inflamed with wine," and the speaking proceeded.

Next came the editor of a Richmond paper, who made a still more radical speech regarding the changing of the flag than did the secretary of state, claiming that complete unity and good feeling would never result until the old rebel flag became a portion of the Stars and Stripes. The latter speaker read his speech from manuscript, so that it could not be said his was a hasty remark brought on by an indulgence in liquors. He dwelt upon the "new flag" business at much length, and thought it only fair that such amendments as were suggested should be immediately made.

Several members of Lee Camp, Confederate veterans, were indignant over the speeches, but no speaker endeavored to answer the proposition, until Col. SHEPHERD, of Lynn, one of the visitors, made a speech strongly protesting against any proposition to change the national colors. The whole matter was suppressed in the Richmond papers, not one having any mention of these speeches in its report of the banquet, nor did any of the correspondents present, who were all attaches of the Richmond press, allow any mention to appear in their telegraphic specials to Northern papers. The incident is significant only as showing the persistence of sectional feeling in Virginia. No such idiotic proposition as the quartering of the insignia of treason and rebellion upon "Old Glory," the splendid banner of the Union, will ever be entertained by Congress, it is safe to say.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

A CENTURY'S GROWTH.

It is a century since the famed "Ordinance of 1787" was passed by Congress, and the first territory organized—the Northwest Territory, whose official name was "The Territory Northwest of the Ohio river." The ordinance was passed July 13, 1787.

At that time, the United States embraced only 820,680 square miles; Florida belonged to Spain, and the Mississippi river was our western boundary. Our first acquisition of territory was the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. This province embraced not only the present state of Louisiana, but all the vast area from the Mississippi on the east to Oregon and Washington (which then were claimed by Great Britain) and the vast region known as Upper California, belonging to Mexico, on the west; and from the Gulf on the south to British America on the north. To be more precise, it embraced what are now known as Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, the larger part of Montana, the larger part of Wyoming, part of Colorado, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory, and was 930,928 square miles in extent, or more than 100,000 square miles larger than the original domain of the country. For this we paid $15,000,000 to France.

Our next acquisition was Florida, in 1820, for which $5,000,000 was paid, adding 59,720 square miles to the national area. In 1846 the dispute with Great Britain about the ownership of Oregon—embracing what is now the state of Oregon and Washington Territory—was settled by treaty in our favor, and 22,425 square miles more became ours.

In 1845 Texas became a member of the Union by annexation. The independence of Texas had, however, never been acknowledged by Mexico, and by this annexation we also annexed the Mexican war. By the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, which ended the war, Mexico relinquished her claim to Texas, and we paid her $15,000,000 for Upper California—embracing California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and the western portion of Colorado. In 1853, the "Gadsden purchase"—a strip of land south of the Gila river, now part of Arizona and New Mexico—was bought of Mexico for $10,000,000. By the annexation of Texas and these two purchases, 934,260 square miles of territory were brought under the stars and stripes.

Alaska with its 577,390 square miles, was purchased of Russia in 1867, for $7,200,000. This is our latest territorial acquisition. Thus, within 84 years, we have obtained by purchase, treaty and annexation 2,732,723 square miles of territory, costing $52,200,000 in cash direct, not considering the cost of war.

It is manifest destiny that the extension of the Union shall go on until all North America is under one flag. Canada, Mexico, and Central America will eventually be added to the Republic, and our boundaries be limited only by the encompassing oceans and the Isthmus of Panama.

THE number of immigrants arriving in this country, it is said on government authority, will aggregate for the fiscal year just closed 500,000, against a little over 300,000 last year. The number coming in at the port of New York during the year approximates 400,000. Of the 500,000 arriving, about 112,000 are Germans, 75,000 from England and Wales, 75,000 from Ireland, 60,000 from Norway and Sweden, and 50,000 Italians. In only four preceding years has the immigration run so large. In 1881 it was 669,000; in 1882, 788,000; in 1883, 602,000, and in 1884, 518,000.

THE Indianapolis *Sentinel* publishes in its editorial columns the statement that "President CLEVELAND wears a 7½ hat." Our contemporary evidently recalls the fact that in 1884 that gentleman used to slip his shirts on over his head without unbuttoning the neck, and wishes to call attention to the remarkable example of "swellhead." The case is evidently beyond hope of cure except by heroic remedies—and the people will try one of those next year.

THE indications are that the Republican State convention will have the largest attendance of visitors of any convention ever held in Ohio.

A WORN-OUT JEST.

There are a number of people connected with the press whose constant endeavor it is to be funny. Humor is a spontaneous growth, and cannot be forced to grow in any and every mental soil. Unmindful of this, such persons constantly bring forward time-worn ideas, that were possibly smart years ago, but which now are but wearisome. One will sit down, marshal a mule, a small boy, and a straw upon his paper, and call aloud, "Behold, here is fun! Let us all laugh!" Or perchance he places the son-in-law and the mother-in-law in juxtaposition, and declares therein lies subject for cacchination; or mayhap he summons the image of a man putting up a stove-pipe, or the fisherman with a flask of bait in his pocket, or something equally antiquated, and calls upon the world to grin by his cackling.

Something akin to this is the oft-repeated effort to excite derision of Hon. JOHN SHERMAN by calling him cold. The chump notes some mention of that gentleman's movements, and thereupon thinks himself funny in speaking of an imaginary cold wave making its appearance simultaneously. Somebody speaks of Mr. SHERMAN in connection with the Presidency, and a reference to him as a "frigid statesman" or an "icicle" is deemed vastly funny. Even were Mr. SHERMAN all these pitiful scribblers assume him to be, the fun is all worn out of such allusions.

But Mr. SHERMAN is nothing of the sort. He is a quiet gentleman, whose manners are infinitely superior to those of the men who thus malign him. He does not think it necessary to be a loud-mouthed bloviator, to curry favor with the multitude; nor is he a clown, constantly endeavoring to amuse the groundlings with bad puns and stale jokes. He is courteous to every one with whom he comes in contact, as a gentleman always is; and he is accessible to every one. He does not follow the course pursued by GROVER CLEVELAND—lock the gates of his front yard whenever he wishes to take the air; he does not treat callers whose visits are inspired solely by curiosity after the boorish manner of our accidental President; nor is he a coward, like CLEVELAND, in being driven down unfrequented streets when it is necessary to go to a depot. He is the opposite of all this; he is a gentleman.

We may err in judgment, but we doubt if all this "funny business" about JOHN SHERMAN has any longer any power to hurt him in the minds of the people. We do not believe that they think any the less of him because he is a gentleman, and not a loud-mouthed boor.

A "LOYAL" SOUTHERNER.

In taking so enormous a vote by letter as our Presidential canvass, it was to be expected that the fools and cranks would show up. This was done to some extent, but far less than we anticipated. We received several insulting epistles, the most characteristic of which we reproduce herewith:

CALEDONIA, Miss., May 19, 1887.

EDITOR BLADE:—Being a white man and a gentleman, of course I am a Republican. Therefore, I suggest the following persons for your standard bearers in the next Presidential election: For President, B. R. Bruce, of saddle color; for Vice-President, ex-prostitute Harriet Beecher Stowe. This distinguished couple eminently embody the characteristics of the G. O. P., viz: lying, stealing and ignorance, that no doubt they would receive the most enthusiastic support of the Republican party.

The writer evidently is in error in calling himself a gentleman; no gentleman insults a woman, nor does a gentleman descend to an anonymous letter. The fact that he does not sign his name brands him as a coward. We have no idea that he ever saw a day's service in the Confederate army. Mistaken though they were, those men who wore the gray were courageous. It may be, however, that he was one of the boy guards who were drafted into service at the Andersonville prison pen, to shoot dying Union prisoners who came too near the dead-line. But certainly the writer of the above never met the Union boys in fair fight.

THE supreme court of Illinois has given a decision that takes popular ground, and is good law also. It is, in general terms, that bank directors should direct, and that if they fail to do so they must take the consequences. The case was that of a bank which had failed because of the defalcation of the assistant cashier. It was shown that the directors had been warned that something was wrong, but had failed to investigate. Thereupon a victimized depositor brought suit against the directors individually, and the court of first resort gave judgment for him. The case was carried up on appeal, and the judgment of the lower court has just been reaffirmed by the supreme court.

IT seems probable that Pension Commissioner BLACK is using his position to help his ambition to be the Democratic candidate for Vice President. He has caused it to appear that a large amount of cases have been decided by sending out to the press the names of those to whom pensions are granted. In many of these cases the evidence was collected during the time of his predecessor. Many are cases of increase, which, when they are not allowed, are reported as re-issues.

WHILE England is a bitter enemy of bimetallism at home, she is well enough satisfied with the silver standard in India. The silver coinage last year amounted to $52,000,000 for India, $30,000,000 for the United States, and $27,000,000 for Mexico. England does not coin silver at home, but the Indian silver coinage is issued by her authority, and is the basis of her enormous East India commerce.

WE rise to ask most respectfully (and waiving all mention of the "bloody shirt"), in what Northern state would any class of workmen be prevented from organizing for protection by armed bands of horsemen? That is what is going on in South Carolina, where the old redshirt rifle clubs have been revived for the purpose of dispersing colored Knights of Labor.

THE Democratic plan of breaking up the Grand Army is not a success. The expected split don't materialize. Did it ever occur to the fellows who are losing sleep o' nights to boom CLEVELAND that there is a very deep undercurrent of disappointment and disgust among the thinking masses of the people—the fellows who do the voting—with Mr. CLEVELAND as its object?

THE Bulgarian regents have tendered their resignations to the Sobranje, on the ground that their task was completed when Prince FERDINAND was elected to the throne. The Sobranje refused to accept their resignations, preferring to wait until FERDINAND is more certain of his throne, which is certainly a wise thing to do, in view of the hostile attitude of Russia.

A NOTABLE gathering will be that of the convention of planters from the ten states of the cotton belt, which will be held at Atlanta on August 16. There is much conservatism in Southern agricultural methods, and a thorough and intelligent discussion of improved methods would be extremely profitable.

WASHINGTON city has inaugurated two reforms. Fire alarms are not to be rung from church and tower bells, and bells are to removed from the street-car horses. On March 4, 1889, another important reform will be inaugurated, viz: a Republican President.

CLEVELAND has done more to revive the sectional issue than all the Republican speakers and papers. If he wants the war issues to die out, why does he keep reviving them?

ROBERT T. LINCOLN AS A "DARK HORSE."

The newspapers of the country find the BLADE'S Presidential vote a fruitful topic for consideration. The surprising strength of the sentiment there shown in favor of ROBERT T. LINCOLN is not the least of the significant developments made therein. The Chicago *Tribune*, which is generally believed to be committed to Mr. BLAINE'S support for the Republican nomination next year, evidently sees the probability of a contest in the national convention similar to those of 1876 and 1880, and in a recent issue discusses editorially the capabilities of Mr. LINCOLN as a compromise candidate. The article is so well considered that we reproduce it in full:

> Some two months ago the Toledo BLADE, through its weekly edition, propounded to its Republican readers these three questions: (1) Who is your first choice for President? (2) Who is your second choice for President? (3) Who is your choice for Vice-President? The Nasby letters have given that paper subscribers in every state and territory in the Union, although, of course, its circulation is largely in Ohio.
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> [This is a mistake. The Weekly BLADE'S circulation is as great in each of five or six Western states as in Ohio.—ED. BLADE.]
>
> The result of that inquiry test is presented by states, also by candidates. Mr. Blaine received a majority of all the votes polled as first choice for President and Mr. Sherman about half as many as Blaine for second choice

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS ON THE BLADE'S PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

The daily press of the country finds the BLADE'S Presidential vote somewhat interesting, and many and varied are the comments passed thereon. Several of them are strongly tinctured by the political bias of the papers wherein they appear. We reproduce below a number of the more striking, for the edification of our readers.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* reproduces the entire tables of state votes in full, as it appeared in our columns, and editorially remarks as follows:

The Toledo BLADE has anticipated the train-vote fiend, passed around the hat and taken a vote on first and second choice for Republican Presidential candidate, and first choice for Democratic Presidential nominee. But the BLADE has carried out the enterprise in a magnificent way. It has canvassed every state and territory in the Union, except Utah and Alaska—and it may be remarked, in passing, that the latter returns from these precincts will not materially alter the result. The total number of votes polled is 21,390. The returns in detail are given in the *Commercial Gazette* this morning. They are distributing, and we may say instructive. Some allowance, however, may properly be made for the vote being an "influenced" one, for we would not for a moment suspect that the BLADE has not a powerful influence over its readers. But the result of its novel enterprise is curious and interesting. For first choice Blaine distances all competitors, with Sherman second and far ahead of all his followers, while, except Lincoln, are next to nowhere. But in the second-choice class Sherman has a big lead, Blaine, Lincoln and Allison following in order. For the Vice Presidency Lincoln stands out most prominently. In something less than a year we shall know all about it.

We hardly understand why the *Commercial Gazette* should consider the vote an "influenced" one. The BLADE has not advocated the claims of any candidate for the nomination next year, and begs to repeat the assurance that whoever may be selected by the national convention will be satisfactory to it. The strength developed by ROBERT LINCOLN certainly was not the result of the "influence" either of the BLADE or any other newspaper, for nobody has been "booming" him.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic organ of Ohio, has this editorial paragraph:

The Toledo BLADE has started a Blaine boom. It has interviewed 21,390 Republican voters, in various parts of the United States, as to their Presidential preferences, and finds that a little more than half of them (11,010) want Mr. Blaine, while 6,684 desire Mr. Sherman. As the total Republican vote in 1884 was 4,815,354, there are something over four and a half millions yet to hear from. Returns from the balance will come in some time next summer.

The BLADE modestly disclaims starting any kind of a boom. Its effort was to ascertain the drift of sentiment in the Republican ranks, and its effort in this line was reasonably successful.

But while the *Enquirer* views the matter as an effort to boom Mr. BLAINE, the Cincinnati *Post* looks at it this way:

Although the Toledo Weekly BLADE is devoted to the interests of Senator Sherman, its subscribers appear to favor Blaine. The preferences of 21,390 persons, who live in all parts of the United States, have been collected by BLADE, and show that Blaine is the first choice of 11,010 and Sherman of 6,684. Lincoln comes third with 2237, and Allison fourth with 984. No other candidates received as many as 125 votes.

The most conspicuous result, besides the overwhelming preference for Blaine, is the prominence of Lincoln upon each list. An examination of the figures by states shows that the relative position of the principal candidates is about the same in all parts of the country.

Blaine shows the most weakness in New England, for, although Maine is unanimously for him, in the total of New England votes he has but a few over one-third. In Alabama, Mississippi, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin the race between Blaine and Sherman is very close. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the states west of the Mississippi, Blaine's total vote is four times as large as Sherman's. Indeed, the only comfort that Sherman men can gather from the figures is from a study of the vote on second choice. Outside of Maine, where Blaine seems to be practically the only choice, and outside of Iowa, where Allison naturally has a large vote, the second choice centers upon Sherman with marked emphasis.

We have no fault to find with the *Post's* conclusions, which are legitimate, but must demur to the statement that the BLADE is "devoted to the interests of Senator SHERMAN." It is laboring in the interests of a triumph of the Republican party next year. We regard a victory for the party of the greatest importance, and infinitely above the mere personal triumph of any one man. Our fight is for principles, not men—and we would that more Republicans would avoid the making of the Presidential contest a personal matter. That way lies defeat.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the leading Republican daily of the Southwest, says:

The Toledo BLADE'S Presidential canvass shows a very close fight between Blaine and Sherman in Illinois. The figures for first choice are—Blaine, 974; Sherman, 972. The BLADE'S canvass was honestly conducted, and its results ought to be regarded as significant.

The New York *Times* is the leading mugwump organ in the country. It carries its citizenship entirely under GROVER CLEVELAND'S hat, and its conclusions, in the following editorial comment, are to be considered from that standpoint:

The canvass made by the Toledo BLADE (Republican) for the purpose of getting the preference of its readers for the Republican Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations, is interesting. It will be found in detail in another column. The number of answers to inquiries of the BLADE is given at 21,390. Of these 11,010 were for Mr. Blaine as first choice, 6,684 for Mr. Sherman, and 2,237 for Mr. Lincoln. In Ohio Mr. Blaine was preferred by 1,116 and Mr. Sherman by 1,042, which, so far as it goes, is not calculated to make happy the heart of Ohio's "ablest son."

It is not necessary to attach much importance to these indications. But as there is a good deal of talk on the subject, in hot weather these figures are as good a basis as any for theorizing. We may note that those who prefer the "field" to the "favorites" have got a varied collection of runners to choose from. The conspicuous facts of the situation, as every intelligent person knows, are that Blaine expects the nomination; that his agents are working to make it certain; and that, with all his admittedly fatal weaknesses, he is still the strongest candidate, in point of votes, that his party can name. In the present condition and with the present leadership of his party he would be also the fittest and most truly representative candidate.

The New York *World*, Democratic, dismisses the matter with a characteristic little fling at the famous Little Rock railway affair charged to Mr. BLAINE in the last campaign:

The Presidential "straw" is to the wind. The Toledo BLADE has polled its Republican readers, and out of 21,390 it finds that 11,010 would vote to vote again for Mr. Blaine for President. John Sherman comes next, and Dr. Chauncey M Depew last, receiving but 45 votes. But then Dr. Depew was never connected with a Western railway.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, one of the most earnest Republican papers of the country, embodies the BLADE'S figures in a long editorial article, from which we make the certain extracts embodying its comments:

These figures are significant only as they indicate how the constituency of a Republican paper of wide circulation feel on the Presidential question. The BLADE'S circulation is largest in the states like Ohio, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and New York, and in considering the significance of the preference this is to be kept in mind.

It will be noticed that in all sections Robert T. Lincoln is the favorite for Vice Presidential candidate, and that he stands next to Blaine and Sherman as a candidate for President.

The preferences of 72½ voters of the 200,000 Republicans in Iowa, or of 2,696 voters of the 154,000 Republicans in Kansas, or of the 2,464 voters of the 340,000 Republicans in Illinois may be but a straw, and still the preferences of these voters may indicate which way the wind is blowing. If this canvass of the readers of a strong Republican paper has any significance at all, it means that among the Republican candidates a man who has made no enemies for the place, whose friends have declined to have him announced or considered as a candidate, stands third in the list of favorites. This man is Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois.

The most savage, and withal comical, editorial comment which has come under our notice is an editorial article in the Chicago *Herald*. It is "Independent Democratic" in politics—and we fancy "Independent" Democracy must be the vicious Phariseeism of mugwumpery, added to the stubbornness of the most ultra Bourbonism. We reproduce the whole article for the benefit of our readers:

Twenty-one thousand and odd is to four millions as a drop in the bucket or a straw in the stack. But straws and drops have their significance. At least, so a Toledo publication, the BLADE, fancies, for it presents what it declares to be genuine responses from 21,390 Republicans scattered from Maine to California, touching their preference as to a Presidential nominee for the party in the now near-coming Presidential year.

The newspaper, professing in the extra judicial canvass to be as impartial as the fates, has scanned the ballots, and lo! J. Blaine's name leads all the rest. That darling statesman, now playing penny ante with the crowned heads of Europe, has more than half the votes. John Sherman follows with a column of 6,684. Lincoln is next with a third of this number, whereas for the high and mighty office of Vice-President he is an easy winner over Depew, who is closely followed by Harrison of Indiana. The Hoosier does not seam to have grown in popular regard, for in this amateur canvass he doesn't rank for the first place much better than Ingalls or Evarts.

Foraker's trousers command the admiration of 42 voters, and Depew, of the New York Central, whose trousers are made in London, has a vote or two more. If John Sherman goes to Toledo as a visiting statesman to scan this list he will find that Mr. Blaine leads him in every state, even in the particular preserve known as Ohio. It will become Mr. Sherman's solemn duty under these circumstances to cry fraud and denounce the BLADE'S showing as mischievous and traitorous. Aside from Blaine, Sherman and Lincoln, a specially noteworthy exhibit of admirers is made only by Allison, who, however, can claim but 384 out of the 21,390 votes.

This voluntary canvass of a wide-spread expression, and it is honestly made, may be dismissed as unimportant, yet it is indicative of the general drift of Republican sentiment regarding the party's next nominee. Blaine remains the favorite candidate, while, with all his activities Sherman, a very serious candidate, has only second place. The present struggle is between these men, with a hint of Allison and the possibility of a dark horse.

It seems hardly necessary for the BLADE to defend itself from the charge that its vote was undertaken in the interests of BLAINE; and certainly we may pass by, as unworthy of reply, the insinuation that the actual vote was manipulated in BLAINE'S behalf. We will simply say that the vote was given exactly as it was received, and that we had no object in view save to test the drift of feeling in the Republican party as to candidates.

In strong contrast to the above opinion, we give an editorial paragraph from the Detroit *News*, which politically is independent, intensely free trade, and which supported CLEVELAND in 1884:

The result of the presidential canvass made by the Toledo BLADE is significant in that it consists of the votes of over half of the 21,390 Republican voters representing all the states and territories should favor Blaine for President is probably a fair indication of the party strength throughout the country. John Sherman is a good second, but unless there is a remarkable change between now and the summer of 1888, Blaine's strength in the Republican convention will be as strong as it was in 1884, or stronger, if it is possible to believe that. If John Sherman's own state of Ohio which his admirers were claiming as practically "solid" for him, Blaine has 1,114, while Sherman has 1,042; Michigan reports for Blaine 776, Sherman 306, Lincoln 106, Alger 9, Cutcheon 4.

It may be said by some that the BLADE'S canvass is a partial one, and was designed to produce the result which it has shown. This criticism, however, would not be fair. The BLADE has been booming Sherman, like most of the Ohio papers, and if there was any partiality shown in the canvass it was certainly not in Blaine's favor.

The Chicago *Mail*, FRANK HATTON'S paper, sails in as follows:

The Toledo BLADE prints replies from 21,000 Republican voters giving their preference for the next Republican candidate for President. Blaine leads, Sherman next, and Lincoln a close third. For a man who has not permitted his friends to do any work for him the strength developed by Lincoln is wonderful. The BLADE'S canvass shows that no man has a majority. A similar canvass four years ago would have given Blaine a clear majority over all. It will be remembered that in convention it requires a *majority* to nominate. There is nothing in the Toledo canvass that will preclude the holding of a convention to nominate.

The Detroit *Journal* remarks as follows:

The bulk of the vote comes from the Mississippi valley and Southern states. Although the BLADE circulates chiefly among the kind of Republicans who prefer Blaine, there is no guessing but that he is the choice of his party. If he had the same majority among the voters he would be overwhelmingly elected. As it is, his nomination invites, if it does not insure, the defeat of the party.

In its prefatory remarks to the summary of the BLADE'S figures which it published, the New York *Tribune* has the following comment:

No blanks for replies were sent out, but every one who responded sent his preferences without further prompting. The result is published in the editorial columns of the paper and paid his own postage. In view of this the number of replies is remarkable.

The BLADE declares that it has no candidate except the candidate of the coming convention; that it is the friend of all, the personal partisan of none; and this is the attitude towards candidates which its example would suggest to its readers to follow.

It received replies from every state in the Union, and from every territory, except Utah and Alaska; and everywhere except in Rhode Island, South Carolina, Missouri and Kentucky the highest preference was received. 21,390 responses. Eleven thousand and ten declared for Blaine, 6,684 for Sherman, 2,237 in favor of Lincoln, and of the remainder Allison received the highest number, 384. It will be seen that Senator Sherman is a good second in this statement. For a second choice Sherman leads, his total being 7,683 to 3,373. These replies came from every state in the Union.

We beg to remark to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of whose comments is given below, that we believe in the people, rather than in the managers, and obtained an expression from them, without any desire to injure Mr. SHERMAN or to boom Mr. BLAINE. The politician who starts out to reach a certain end without taking the views of the masses into consideration, is in great danger of getting left. The *Courier-Journal's* remark is as follows:

That was a mean Ohio paper that collected figures and proved that more Republicans want Mr. Blaine than want Mr. Sherman. When the journals of a man's own state do such things, what can he expect of outsiders?

THE Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* expresses the following wish:

We hope some enterprising Democratic newspaper will follow the example of the Toledo BLADE, and try the sentiment of as widely distributed a constituency on the Democratic candidacy for President. We have an idea that the alleged popularity of Mr. Cleveland would not pan out well in a test. Of course he enjoys the advantage of having few competitors in the field, but the man has certainly done little to endear himself to the American heart.

We should be extremely glad to see such a showing, but we doubt if there is a Democratic paper in the country which has anything like a national circulation. In point of fact, we know there isn't. There has been several moderate fortunes sunk in the endeavor to establish a paper of national circulation similar in plan to the Weekly BLADE, but Democratic in politics. The cold fact seems to be that the Democratic masses are not a reading class. At any rate, several gentlemen we know of lost considerable money in attempting to establish such a Democratic paper.

THE BLADE'S VOTE.

The New York *Tribune*, under the head of "Presidential Preferences," devotes over a half column to the editorial discussion of the BLADE'S Presidential vote. We reproduce the extract below:

The successful party or leader consults the people; the unsuccessful, as a rule, does not. Leaders are apt to come to grief who get the habit of following their own notions or the notions of some "influential" fraction of the voters instead of the will of the majority. As a result of these well-known facts, it is always a matter of deep interest to ascertain, prior to a Presidential nomination, whether a majority of the voters really prefer any particular candidate, and evidence on that point may now be given to be submitted and weighed. The Toledo BLADE has succeeded in obtaining 21,390 replies from Republicans in every state in the Union and every territory except Utah and Alaska, to the simple inquiry, "Who is your first choice for the next Republican candidate for the Presidency?" The information thus obtained is certainly of value, though it is but part of the evidence upon which every candid and intelligent Republican will strive to obtain and weigh.

A majority of the whole number voting, namely, 11,010, named Mr. Blaine as their first choice, 10,380 being divided among many other candidates. That is strong evidence of the continued popularity of Mr. Blaine, for the question asked involves two considerations, the personal preference of the voter and his belief respecting the success of different candidates. No doubt a large number simply gave their personal choice without seriously considering whether the candidate named would prove the strongest or not. But by far the larger number of men who have interest enough to answer such an inquiry, undoubtedly reply in the light of their best judgment respecting a candidate's prospect of success, recognizing the fact that it would be of no avail to put up the best man in the country only to have him defeated. The clear majority of Republicans answering, it may therefore be inferred, not only desire Mr. Blaine's election, but believe that he would be elected if nominated.

It is also a point of importance that the other votes are widely scattered. Senator Sherman, as is natural in view of his long and distinguished services, and his proved ability and worth, receives far over one-third as large a number, 6,684 voters; but 2,537 preferred Mr. Lincoln or judged him the safer candidate, 384 voted for Mr. Allison, and 1,025 voted for other candidates, no one receiving more than about 100 votes, and nearly all less than that number. Another feature of interest is that Mr. Blaine appears to be stronger, so far as this indication goes, than other prominent candidates in their own states. In Ohio, Mr. Blaine has 1,114, while Sherman has 1,042; Michigan reports for Blaine 776, Sherman 306, Lincoln 106, Alger 9, Cutcheon 4.

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The Weekly *Constitution*, the daily of which has been, if not hostile, certainly not friendly in a partisan way to prohibition, has caused something of a sensation throughout the state by a long review of the year under the law, which concludes with the confession that "our experience has demonstrated to us beyond a doubt that sixty thousand inhabitants can get along, and advance at a solid and constant rate without the liquor traffic."

Through out the state the status of prohibition is as follows: 115 out of 137 counties are under prohibition. Among those that are not is Chatham county, in which Savannah is situated. There are eighteen counties, mostly in the southeast portion of the state, where prohibition is secured by the local authorities placing the license fee so high that no one can afford to pay it. For instance, Tatnall county charges $2,500; Berren, $3,000; Charlton, $5,000; Putnam, $5,000, and Ware, $410,000. This is high license carried to a prohibitory point, and is not, properly speaking, the "Georgia plan."

The success of the Prohibitionists' success in the other counties has been the chance the plan gives at every step for the people who are immediately concerned to do as they wish. It is the principle of home rule and local government applied to the liquor traffic. It will require eight or ten years to prove conclusively the permanence of the success of the plan or its failure. In that time there will be fluctuations in counties. Some "dry" ones will become "wet" again and vice versa; and within that time it can be seen how much of the present success is due to mere fitful agitation. As the matter stands to-day the "Georgia plan" comes nearer to success in prohibiting the liquor traffic than any shape Prohibition has taken. Such at least is the judgment of the mass of the men here who voted against the law as well as of those who voted for it.

LOCAL OPTION IN GEORGIA.

It Is a Success—The Gratifying Results in That State Largely Due to Non-Partisan Action.

Cleveland Leader.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 17.—The Georgia local option law, whereunder Fulton county (which includes Atlanta) held the election which resulted in prohibition, provides that after Prohibition has been carried in any county no after election on the subject shall be held within two years. A year and a half has now passed since the election was held here, and in six months of course another election may be held. Moreover the law has now been in operation a year—one-half the necessary period. A sort of mile-post in the prohibition experiment has therefore now just been reached, and the subject, which has for two or three years at all times been prominent, is for this reason now a little more prominent than usual.

Each side is reviewing the year under Prohibition. There is the greater significance to this because the success or the failure of the experiment in Atlanta will very largely determine the success or the failure of the whole state experiment, so far as it has gone. There is the same conflicting testimony here as to the value of the law, that there is in every other city that has tried Prohibition, but there is not the least doubt but the Prohibitionists has gained popular strength, and gained greatly, since it won the day by a narrow margin a year and a half ago.

One reason that it has gained strength is because to a certain degree the Prohibitionists are so strong, and they hold in their hands cards so well politically packed that the politicians are afraid to oppose the cause openly. The whole thing has been studied from the point which the Prohibitionists in most places have reached and stopped—the point where membership in the party was in the more worldly circles of society evidence of inebriety, of quackery, or of crankism.

Prohibition here is respectable. The solid business men of this city—many of whom, by the way, like their grog—are generally strongly in favor of the law for a variety of reasons. Some maintain that the business of the city has been made better. This, of course, is vigorously denied by others. Some who say that while men will and ought to drink liquor, and who care not at bottom in favor of cash from the sale of fory barrels for the whole country, have become convinced that the closing of the low groggeries is so excellent a thing that they are willing to sacrifice what they once regarded as their objection to "sumptuary legislation" for the practical good.

There is a very great probability that an election like the first will be the last election, or on a law like the Maine law, would be very vigorously opposed in Atlanta. The local option method of trying prohibition by counties and for a limited period of time, has won for its friends men whom a sweeping and perpetual law could never win. For this reason, the "Georgia plan" is unique, for instance, a national Prohibition ticket in 1888 will not get anything like as many votes in Georgia as the local option cause has got here. The state will still be Democratic. It is not that kind of prohibition.

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THE ACTIVE VOLCANO.

A Perilous Trip to the Northwestern Corner of Mexico.

NEW YORK, July 13.—[Special wire.]—A correspondent of the *Herald* last night telegraphed as follows from El Paso: "I have just returned from the scene of the only active volcano in North America. The trip was one of extraordinary hardship, accomplished in the face of obstacles of which the entire absence of any road, an arid desert of over 100 miles across, and the blazing sun of a tropical zone were conspicuous features.

"The volcano lies twelve miles, as the crow flies, from Bavispe, in the state of Senora, in the extreme northwest corner of the Mexican republic. A rough estimate will place the distance from El Paso at 400 miles, calculating on a bee line. The rugged and desolate nature of the country, the infrequency of its springs and the almost deadly heat that exists there nine months out of twelve has effectually kept out the American prospector, although the mountains are full of gold, and even the hardy Mexican has largely left it to its primal solitude.

"Here and there are scattering villages, of which Bavispe is a type. The town lies southwest of Casas Grandes, and is a heterogeneous collection of shanties and 'jackals,' half under and half above the ground and roofed with brush.

"It contains about 2,500 souls, if you count a soul to each inhabitant.

"They are so miserably poor and live in a condition of such indescribable squalor and perpetual misery that their lot compares unfavorably with the wandering Cayote, their nearest neighbor.

"We went by way of the Corralitos Hacienda, on the Britton Davis ranch, lying about due east of Bavispe, in the state of Chihuahua. It was from this point that the real journey commenced. To conceive the fatigue and ardor of the trip one must add a blazing sun that seared and shrivelled the very granite, a parched and alkali laden wind blowing at midday and filling the throat with its smarting particles and a reflection from the earth that was like the breath of a furnace.

"We were well supplied with ropes and tackle, which we had frequent occasion to use, for although it is proverbial that the burro can cross places where angels fear to tread, we were obliged to abandon our pack train almost at the outset.

"The eighth day brought us into the vicinity of Bawispe; but a little prior to this we had the first intimation of cosmic disturbance in the shape of a fluttering tremor of the earth. These shocks, which were slight and undulating, increased in frequency as we drew near the town, until scarcely an hour elapsed without a repetition of them.

"We came in sight of Bavispe about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the first thing that met our gaze was a hudded encampment of several hundred people on the level land that flanks the town. Bavispe itself may be spoken of in the past tense—it no longer exists.

"On the 1st of last May, just at the grey of dawn, the villagers were awakened by a sickening shudder of the earth, followed by a quick tremor that reduced half the abodes of the place into ruins.

"Creeping out from the wreck of their dwellings they sought safety on level ground, where a sort of encampment was formed, and thence in time the entire village has migrated. Since that morning of desolation and terror there has been no day unaccompanied by an earthquake.

"Sometimes it has been so violent as to loosen masses of rock and open vast fissures in the mountain side and sometimes it is an almost imperceptible vibration, but never has it entirely ceased and the superstitious Mexicans have given themselves up to the apathy of despair. Our appearance, while in other times would have convulsed the village with excitement, scarcely attracted attention.

"A few half-naked men and haggard women struggled out of their tenements of brush to meet us, but many merely glanced from their open doorways and made no sign.

"The town, or rather what was the town, looks like the broken toy village of a child. There is not a house left standing. Shattered heaps of abodes and yawning holes mark the site, and mingled in the ruins are the few utensils of their domestic life, for which a superstitious terror forbade them to return.

"Many have gone toward the south but the bulk of the people are far too poor to undertake a journey, which, without resources, means death, and so they have camped within sight of the wreck of their homes in mute and pathetic helplessness. The mortality that followed this disaster must have been great, but it was almost impossible to draw any of them into conversation and quite so obtain any accurate information.

"Over twenty sunken places marked recent graves, and as many more dead are probably lying in the ruins.

"The volcano lies about twelve miles from the site of the town, but over such an extraordinarily broken tract of country that we realized at once that it would require two days journey to reach it, and pushed straight ahead without delay. The phenomena which we had observed at Bavispe increased in volume as we approached the mountain.

"We followed the dry bed of a stream which at some forgotten period had worn a causeway through the granite. It was broken by fissures of evident recent origin, running from north to south, and in some cases four or five feet broad and of unknown depth. Springing from one of these, about four miles out, we encountered a geyser rivalling any of those in the National park. It is in the center of a circular basin, with sides of sand and mud, and about 40 feet in diameter.

"At intervals of fifteen minutes an immense stream of boiling water leaps out and up to a height, I should judge, of 60 feet. The geyser spouts for four or five minutes and then subsides as quickly as it came, disappearing with a mutter that reverberates far down into the bowels of the earth."

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

An Interesting Interview from Major Powell—The Work to Come.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—Major W. P. Powell, director of the Geological survey, has submitted to the secretary of the Interior, for his approval, a plan of operations for the geological survey for the present fiscal year. He proposes to continue the survey for the topographic map of the United States now in progress. In an interview, Major Powell said:

"The geologic work will be carried on as heretofore in various parts of the country—in New England, along the Atlantic coast, throughout the Appalachian mountain system, in the lower Mississippi region, along the southern and western shores of Lake Superior, in the rich mountain region of Colorado, in which promises to be an immense coal, petroleum and natural gas field in the near future in Montana, in the California gold belt, and in half a dozen other regions of interest from the scientific and the economic standpoint.

"A promising line of investigation along the Atlantic slope relates to the green sand marls of Virginia and the Carolinas. It is now realized by the citizens of those states that there lies within their low coastward hills sources of untold wealth, which will eventually revolutionize the agricultural methods pursued in these states, in the shape of just such green sands and marls as have within the past generation transformed the wastes of New Jersey into veritable gardens.

"During the coming year Mr. Gilbert will go on with his investigations into the structure of the Appalachian mountains and of the coal beds and the sandstone deposits yielding petroleum and natural gas along their western flanks. The work in Elliott county, Kentucky, which is now being prospected for diamonds falls within this division; but officers of the survey have given but faint encouragement to the prospectors—they have shown that the great mineral resources of the Cumberland plateau take the form of coal, iron, oil and gas and possess a permanent value exceeding that of the silver of Nevada, the gold of California or the diamonds of the cape.

"Professor Irving continues his work upon the iron-bearing and copper-bearing rocks of the Lake Superior region, and his profound investigations will doubtless serve to hold in check or guide, as the case may be, the mining excitement now rife in that region. In the lower Mississippi region investigations of the iron ore, salt and sulphur deposits, the green sand marls, etc., by Mr. Johnson, are yet in progress, and the natural resources are rapidly becoming known and available, largely through the labor that has been bestowed upon them by scientific men.

"The work in Montana has hitherto been carried on by the pioneer explorer and geologist, Dr. F. V. Hayden, but failing health has compelled the veteran to retire from active duties, and he is succeeded by his former assistant, Dr. Peale. Dr. Peale is already in the field. The newly opened routes of transportation through Montana at the same time creates a demand for varied mineral resources of that portion of the Rocky mountain region and afford the means of utilizing them, and as active operations, as the short seasons permits, are accordingly required.

"In a portion of the Rocky mountain region lying within Colorado, important mining enterprises are constant, guided and aided by the investigations of scientific men, and the division of the geological survey assigned to this region is among the most important of the institution. During last summer the Denver coal field was exhaustively investigated, and a report setting forth the extent and value of the coal will be prepared during the present summer. Nature's great laboratory—the geyser region of the Yellowstone Park—has already afforded much insight into the processes of mineral formation, and the studies already commenced there by Mr. Hague and his corps of assistants will be continued during the present season.

"Mr. Becker has finished his investigation of the quicksilver deposits of the Pacific slope and in order to give his report thereon a place among the classics of science he has not only made a thorough local study, but has taken up the whole subject of the quicksilver deposits of the globe, visiting those of greatest importance, including the mines at New Alamaden, Spain. His report upon this subject is about to go to press, but meantime his assistants have taken up the investigation of the sufferous deposits of the 'gold belt' skirting the western base of the Sierras in California.

"Prof. Chamberlin's studies of the glacia deposits of the country have been nearly completed and final research on this will be pushed during the present year. The ultimate object of Prof. Chamberlin's work is the classification of the soils of the northern United States, for agricultural purposes. The fruition of this branch of activity in the survey is at hand.

"During the past six months Capt. Dutton has been engaged in discussing data relating to the Charleston earthquake, and will soon send to press a monograph on the subject, in which will be discussed, not only the significance of the earthquake in the light of seismology, but the science itself will be reconstructed in the light afforded by this remarkable seismic disturbance. Meanwhile the work upon the great volcanic fields of northern California and Oregon is carried on by Mr. Diller."

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

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No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

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One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT WEARIES US.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!"

Perhaps you who read what I am about to say will think it a very prosaic appendage to the poetical view of labor given above. You cannot see how any homely work, such as the great majority of the world are doing and must do, so that the wheels of industry may be kept moving and life sustained, how labor that is not beautiful in its execution, and whose outcome is not beauty but simply what satisfies bodily wants—how this can be called rest, or can bring it in any sense. And many will be inclined to scoff at the command to work in order that "pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow," or to thus "ride o'er Woe's weeping willow," and yet it is all true, even though the fact that so many seem to labor for the bare necessities of life until body and mind are warped out of any resemblance to Him in whose image they were made.

I suppose you will be loth to believe me when I say that a large amount of the force we use in accomplishing any given labor is expended needlessly. It goes to waste. Did we keep it in reserve, ready to be drawn upon in emergencies, we might be a great deal better off in health and strength and equally as well so far as success in our efforts is concerned.

You do not see how? In the first place we have become an extremely absent-minded and forgetful people. Whatever may have produced this, it still remains true, and we do really nothing to bring about a cure, but go on paying the penalty. The same ground has to be gone over and over again because something has been left undone through being forgotten. How many times a day do you, if a woman, go up and down stairs, when once or twice would have sufficed if you had but had your wits about you? How many weary trips have you been obliged to make down town or to your neighbor's because you forgot something in the previous one? How many times, if a man, do you start out of your house, your store, or your office, and have to return again because your memory has played you false or your thoughts had gone wool-gathering?

Few people know how to do work in an economical way, that is, economical so far as the force exerted is concerned. They are not aware that they are so prodigal. It is simply lack of thought in regard to the matter. I watched two men discuss a bussness matter the other day. One of them paced back and forth, back and forth, constantly, while his brain was working with all its power. He was doing two things that required an expenditure of force, one of which was utterly needless. He might say that it would be harder to keep still than in motion. Very likely at first, because he has formed the habit of burning his candle at both ends, and it would require some mental effort to break it up, and let his body rest while his brain worked. Then if he needed physical exercise he could take it in the proper way, with his mind at ease and free to enjoy whatever pleasure might come in his way. He only does what a majority do day after day, spending strength upon what will make no shadow of a return, and really using it unconsciously.

A woman sits down to rest in a rocking chair. Does she really rest? Not a bit of it. She keeps that chair with herself in it in constant motion. It is true that it only requires a slight impetus to swing back and forth, but the sum of the efforts made in the course of a half hour would show an expenditure of both physical and mental force that would astonish her, and it all counts for nothing, is absolutely useless. Very likely she might dispute the idea that she used up any mental power, for she rocked without thinking what she was doing. I shall not argue that point further than to say, that science tells us no action, however trivial, can be performed without the brain directing it, even though it be so quickly done that we are not even conscious that the order was given.

The majority of us take thousands of steps in the course of a year to no purpose We are constantly making aimless movements. We rock, we tap with our feet, or drum with our fingers, we walk as if for a wager, and then our thoughts are in advance of our bodies. It is an American characteristic to go with the head thrust forward, and it marks the nervous hurry that has been cultivated until it has reached this point.

In one of the White Cross Library pamphlets, of which I have spoken before, the writer in speaking of what he well calls "Mental Intemperance," says:

"The worst intemperance of to-day is that coming of hurry or impatience, or the desire and attempt to crowd the doing of so many things in an hour or a day. The hurried, impatient mood in which you may tie your shoe-strings or put on your clothing, in the morning, you may carry into every act during the day. You, in so doing, have connected yourself with the current of impatient, hurried thought. You have then become a part of that chain of being, or order, of hurried mind; and if you could see your real situation clairvoyantly you would see yourself linked by invisible wires to every other hurried, impatient and *consequently* fretful and more or less irritable human being. *For hurry and and impatience lead as surely to fretfulness, irritability and ill-temper as the river flows to the sea.*"

The italics are my own, but I use them in order to fix your thought upon that idea, so that you will look into your own life and see if it be not so. You have not thought of it before, perhaps, but you will soon discover how true it is, and then, perhaps, you will try to conserve your forces better, and to do what comes to your hands with less hurry, and, therefore, with less effort. You will find that the day's tasks will be done with infinitely less wear and tear of body and brain.

Perhaps you are wondering what all this has to do with the assertion that labor is rest. The connection lies in a nutshell. The hardship of labor comes not because it is unpleasant to be employed; not because absolute idleness is such a longed for luxury; not that a great many people do not find satisfaction in work well done, but because it is begun and carried on with this useless expenditure of force which wears upon nerves, and wearies the body, until both resent the imposition, and cry out with bitterness against the labor itself.

Labor rightly done brings its reward, not alone in mere dollars and cents, but in that tranquil spirit which occupation always gives, by driving away idleness, and producing a consciousness of usefulness in the world, with a conviction that one is living to some good purpose. And so in that sense it is rest, and there is reason in the poet's ringing words,

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pillow Shams. Some one asks again about pillow shams, whether they are in use now or not. They are and made in various ways. One of the latest wrinkles is to use small white, cream-colored, pink or blue silk handkerchiefs sewed together with antique insertion and trimmed around the edge with antique lace. Shams made of small linen handkerchiefs were described in the household some time ago. The latter do up well and make an inexpensive sham. They may be made prettier by etching some pattern in each one.

The silk handkerchiefs should be laid over silesia in order to give the sham body.

Piano Cover. An inexpensive cover may be made by Mrs. N. out of two wide strips of crimson, double faced Canton flannel, sometimes called fashion drapery. Make a center strip of bed-ticking having that a little wider than the flannel. Work the white stripes of the ticking with gay-colored embroidery silks in fancy stitches. For instance, use scarlet in briar stitch, and then make a cross stitch in gold upon the blue. Make the cover the exact width of the piano. Line the ticking with some wool goods the color of the flannel, or else get the latter wide enough to lay the ticking down the middle and sew down edges with fancy stitches. Trim the ends across with a gray linen fringe, with crocheted top, and crimson tassels fastened at intervals on the fringe itself.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, chain; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c l ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Calla Mat.—In answer to a request the following is given: Four shades of green; 1 oz. of very dark, 1½ oz. each of next two shades, and 2 ozs. of next lighter; 2 ozs. of white, and ½ of yellow. Make ordinary long stitch except when otherwise directed.

With darkest green crochet a round center of six or seven rows, the last row to contain 84 stitches. Chain 13, make 12 long stitches along this chain, counting the turn, make 12 on the mat center, widening once midway, really 13, another chain and return, and so on around the mat. These 7 prongs are leaf centers. The next shade, widen once midway between the leaf center at the corner, each side of leaf, and make 6 stitches in the end of each leaf. Another row of the same shade, widening at the corners in the last widening, and 6 in the end of the leaf. Two rows of the third shade, and one of the lightest, like row last described. Then with lightest skirt stitch and chain of 3 between each stitch all around the mat. Sew each leaf to the next, neat the corner widening. With the white make 2 stitches into each of a chain of 3, turn, widen ever stitch, and four stitches in the center, every time across. Widen at the side, till the 3d row has 36 stitches. Seven rows are enough, unless one crochets very tight. Finish with short stitch and cham, as with green. Knit the stamens on a toy knitter, or spool with four pins, and turn the end of the wool inside, with a needle. They should be about three inches long, no more. Lap each calla two-thirds across, with stamens inside, and sew to the inside of the green cup between the leaves.

Heart Lace.—Cast on 19 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—k 2. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 2—k 9. 4th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1. 5th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 3—o—k 3—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1. 7th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 4—p 2—k 12. 8th row—k 14—p 11—k 2—p 5—k 1. 9th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 11—p 2—k 12. 10th row—Cast off five k 8—p 2—k 2—p 5—k 1. 11th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—slip and bind—k 7—n—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. 12th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1. 13th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—slip and bind—k 5—n—p 2—k 9 14th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1. 15th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—slip and bind—k 3—n—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. 16th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 17th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—slip and bind—k 1—n—p 2—k 12. 18th row—k 14—p 3—k 2—p 5—k 1. 19th row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 3 tog—p 2—k 12. 20th row—Cast off four—k 12—p 5—k 1. Repeat from first row. This is very pretty, and I know to be correct.—MRS. R. B.

Crotcheted Shirt.—Two breadths of 133 stitches, set up a chain of 133; 1st row—s c; next row—c 9 plain s—b—(that is, make five long stitches in one hole,) then 18 plain—b—18 plain—etc; plain row; next row—7 plain s—b—3 plain—b-14 plain—b—3 plain—b—14 plain—etc; plain row; next row; 5 plain s—b—3 plain—b—3 plain—b 10 plain—b—3 plain—b—3 plain—b—10 plain—etc; plain row; next row; 3 plain s—b—3 plain—b 6 plain—b—3 plain—b—3 plain—b—6 plain,—etc ; plain row; next row—5 plain st—b—3 plain—b—3 plain—b—10 plain—etc.; plain row; next row—7 plain st—b—3 plain—b—14 plain—etc ; plain row; next row—9 plain st—b—18 plain—etc ; then 8 plain rows; then the bumps, only putting them alternately between the others; then 8 plain rows; then 3 bumps, 3 plain, 3 bumps, last pattern, 8 plain rows. Now narrow every 10th stiteh, crocheting plain and taking up one side of the stitch back and forth to make required length. Crochet a lace and sew on. Any pattern looks pretty.

Correspondence.

PARTLY WISE AND PARTLY FOOLISH.—In looking over an old BLADE I read an article on "Domestic Reform" which interested me a great deal

A reformation is needed, but it should take place in the housekeeper as our editor said, but she didn't say enough. As long as women preach and practice that housekeeping is degrading, and every kind of work is more honorable, it will be no better.

Women treat the hired girl worse than they do their dogs, ordering instead of telling them, when to do it, and not allowing them to associate with the family, (the poodle dog can go into the parlor.) I ask you who hire help why is it thus? Is it because they are poor? If that is the cause, take your property from you and how much better than your hired girl are you? Is it because she is ignorant? If you are wise you will teach her. If she is coarse and uncultured, what can she learn in your kitchen? If work is degrading to women it certainly is also to men. If it degrades you to associate with a laboring woman, how could you associate with your mother and grandmother that spun and made the clothes that they wore, besides doing all of the housework? Your husbands and brothers work. If they do not labor with their hands, they work the harder with their minds. Are you better than they? I claim that the one that hires is no better than the hired, and all labor that is honest is honorable, and when girls and women are treated in this way there will be no scarcity of good help. Smart, capable young women, will not stoop so low as to hire to women to be treated with such unchristian brutality when they are their equals in every respect.—C. A. H.

DEAD MAN'S TREE.—This tree stands by the road side, near the summit of the Covert range. So lonely, so desolate—a dead tree denuded of bark, and whitened by summer's fogs and winters tempests, stretching its leafless branches, as if in mute appeal, for the lonely man they once sheltered. "Dead Man's Tree" is traced on the woods hard surface. What a weird, unchanging fascination and the white face of the dead sleeper seems to stare upward, as on that winty night, with naught but the twinkling stars who kept silent vigil above.

East of the mountain lies the Willarmette valley rich in fertile homesteads, warmth and comfort. West the blue waters of the Pacific, sheltered from the storm fiend, but on the great mountain the storm revealed. The sleet whirled its barbed mantle. The snow drifted, and the hemlock and pine drooped their green branches with icy weight, there amid the warring elements death claimed its victim. Death in every respect, save the bitter bitter loneliness, it was more than tragedy

The winter of '84 was cold in Oregon. The cold was severe in the valleys and on the mountains. Snow had fallen to a depth of many feet, with driving wind and frozen sleet. But the dark clouds had passed over and the weather grew warmer. Some men in snow shoes were crossing the coast range. By the roadside near the summit they found the belated traveler wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. The snow had drifted from the set features on which the wintry sun shone, but only a mirage of warmth. The ocean breeze sighed through the heavy timber, releasing many a branch from its wintry burden, but cold and pitiless as the storm which swept away the life of health and promise.

But the dead tree is yet standing, and in the early autumn nature there dons her festive attire. The scarlet huckleberry glows amid its glossy leaves. The salal berries hang in purple clusters, and the vine maple takes a hue of autumn's glory. The hemlocks are dark in heavy green, and the firs whisper together, while the sunlight slants through the mountain's fastness, gilding the traveler's resting place. —BARBARA ALLEN, Netart's Bay, Oregon.

FROM AN OLD MAID.—I read what "Old Bach" says about old maids some time ago, and would like to shake hands with him. Am pleased to know there is one man in the world that has some good sense, and does not think it a disgrace to live single if you can't find a man that you love or respect enough to marry. I know of some girls that have married men far beneath them, leaving good homes for very poor ones. I presume they felt like a French woman I know. She said her daughter must love some one. She married a drunkard and a hard life she has had.

I shall never forget the advice I gave to a bright, pretty girl that was very fond of the beaux. "Don't be in haste to marry," I said. She looked at me a moment, and then said: "I don't want any advice from an old maid. I am going to be married." She married, and in two years left her husband and went home, broken down in health and spirits. Her husband proved to be a drunkard and a gambler, and failed to support her.—OLD MAID.

A QUESTION.—There is a subject that I would like to relieve my mind about and feel sure if this article reaches the eyes of thousands of wives they will echo the sentiments it expresses. And now this is the subject: Why should a man come home from his business in the evening, eat his supper in comparative silence, then either bury himself in a paper or stretch himself out on the sofa for a nap, which frequently lasts until bedtime, and all the while expecting his wife (whose sphere at best is of limited compass if she sees well to the ways of her household) to be cheerful, chatty and entertaining, never realizing how discouraging to her endeavors to be all three it is for him to be apparently paying little or no heed to her well-meant efforts at obeying the often-times given advice for making home happy by always being cheerful. Why should it be such a one-sided affair? It seems to me that the wife would find it easier to be cheerful and pleasant if he would bring to the home circle a recital of the many sights and doings he has witnessed during the day.

I know some may say a man is tired when evening comes and desires rest. Granted; but is not the wife also tired with her day's labor? A woman's life is a sort of treadmill, anyway, and her day has been passed likely amidst many petty annoyances and trials, which would sound very small to be told over, and yet happening day after day, as they must to every housekeeper, make both nerves and body tired; yet if she went around without speaking all the evening, would he think weariness enough cause to leave such an effect? Not he. He would say, "Mary has got the sulks, and I'll go where I can find pleasanter company."

Now husbands, don't be so afraid of spoiling your wives by making companions of them as well as tenderly cared for housekeepers. Few men understand how many a woman hungers for a few appreciative words when she feels she is doing her best, often at a sacrifice of personal pleasure; but, ah me, these lords of creation are born selfish, and it will take a more eloquent tongue than mine to convince them of the fault; but, nevertheless, I have slightly "relieved my mind," although I have'nt said half my say.—LEPHINA Z.

Inquiries.

About four years ago my face commenced turning white, a little place about the size of a dime at first, now it has turned very near the whole side of one of my jaws. Anyone can tell me what will remove it will be liberally rewarded The spot is just as white as my white lady in the land. I would be very glad to get some information about the case.—GEORGE H. HUGHES, Lockhart, Texas.

Will somebody of the HOUSEHOLD be so kind as to give directions for the extermination of roaches, or the big black ant? Don't say turpentine for I have tried that. —M. L. SUMMERS, Verona, Ill.

Some time ago Mrs. W. W. Hall, of Richmond, Ind., had a recipe in HOUSEHOLD department for "Surprise Cake." She said that she was a splendid cake baker. Now, will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, (with the editor's permission, of course) plain directions how to make a good cake? Somehow I always fail. If I happen to get it to raise at all, I will be in a flutter of excitement and think surely this one will be a success, but, alas, for my hopes, for just as soon as it is taken from the oven it falls to zero and my hopes with it. Why is it my cakes fail? Please tell how to fix the butter, how long to beat eggs and how long to bake, especially tell how to make plain, old-fashioned cake, such as our grandmothers made without fruit, and is cake better to use baking powder instead of sour milk and soda?—CONTENTED SIS.

Here is a good chance for some expert to give a good article upon cake-making in general.—ED.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to can strawberries so they will not spoil.—E. J.

There is one in our family who has had a sore ear from a baby. It gets to itching and then gets sore and runs, and then forms a scab, and in a few days itches and runs again, and after two or three months heals up. But it is very sore and painful. It has now been sore longer than common. What can we do?—FANNY REDFERN, Nebraska.

Will some one please give directions for hair chains? Should like a round one and a square one. The lady who wants the pattern for crochet shoulder cape with satin ribbon, can get it by addressing me. The way I save my recipes I have three books in which I paste all the recipes of the BLADE. I have one for fancy work, and one for lace and one for cooking recipes, so when I want to know anything, I have only to look in my book and there it is and no trouble.—ANNETTA DEBOLT, Cleopatra, Mercer Co., Mo.

Will some one be so kind as to tell me what to do to keep fleas out of the house, and also a remedy for flea bites. Also please give directions for crocheting feather edge braid.—JESSIE.

I would like to correspond with some one who has handled bees. We take a "journal" but do not find all a beginner wants to know?

I would like the process used for putting up fruits of all kinds without sealing. The solution used and quantity of same. Also a good recipe for tomato catsup?—MARY.

Will some one please send me the address of some Sunday school that cannot afford to buy literature and will accept some old papers? There was the notice of one in the BLADE some time ago, but I have lost the address.—GERTRUDE SHOWMAN, Clarence, Mo.

Would some one please advise me? I have a common school education and intend to teach, but am only 14 years old and so cannot for a few years As I need money can some one please tell me what I had better do?—KANSAS.

My wife is a sufferer from inflammation of the bladder. Will you please call the attention of the readers of the Weekly BLADE to this and ask if any one knows of anything for that complaint?—COLUMBIAN HEIGHTS.

Will some kind friend tell an anxious mother what to do for the quinsy? Is there not some kind of beads to wear that will prevent taking the disease? If any one knows, will they please inform me immediately through the BLADE?—A READER.

Can some one tell me what to do to cure the bronchitis?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

I would like the address of some one who has maple sugar to spare; also the address of any one having grass pinks. In answer to the inquiry for mullein, I would say it grows plentifully here.—MRS. F. WIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence county, Mo.

Will some one inform me what will cure a person of forgetfulness, caused by sickness; also, what will cure a person's face of being oily and full of flesh worms? I would like to get something to take them away so my skin would be smooth and white.—MAY FLOWER.

Answers to Inquiries.

Will the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD give us a few articles upon etiquette?—MRS. M. L., Carlton, Mo.

A series of papers upon that subject was given by the Editor two or three years ago, which, as you will see by the advertisement in the BLADE, was published in book form, and can now be bought for $1. By enclosing that sum to the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O., you can get one. You will find it an invaluable help in all social matters such as you speak of. It is of especial value in a house where are young people growing up. Send and get one.—ED.

Will the editor please inform me if it would be legal to have a marriage ceremony performed by an ordained minister, who has a pastorate in this state (Minnesota), but who is a Canadian, his home being in Canada, and who has not taken out his naturalization papers? Would it be legal if he did not have a pastorate here?—LIZA.

Go to some good lawyer and ask that question, though above all things I would advice you to have no shadow of doubt resting upon the legality of a marriage ceremony.—ED.

Can the editor or any of the HOUSEHOLD readers tell me where I can get the poem, "Our Traveled Parson," by Will Carleton, and also the poem entitled "Archie Deaney?" Please answer soon.—Cadiz, O., Box 365.

Get a volume of his collected miscellaneous poems, and you will probably find what you want.—ED.

Will some please tell me in the HOUSEHOLD how to gild and what to get to gild with.—MRS. E. Y.

Go or send to some store where artist's materials are kept and ask for gilding. You will get it with directions for use.—ED.

"To three years subscriber."—In regard to the child with obstinate constipation, having had a child afflicted in the same manner until two years of age, and a permanent cure made afterwards, I will give the treatment. Our family physician tried different remedies with only temporary success till he began using injections of raw linseed oil, a couple of tablespoonfuls, with a small ear syringe, holding the child up for two or three minutes so as to let the oil run down the bowels. Also giving daily three or four drops of "Cascara Sagrada" (Synonym Sacred Bark.) At the same time the child began eating very liberally of green onions, which diet helped him. Within a week there was a change and has been no trouble since.—READER.

I would say to "Subscriber" in regard to the little one that is so badly constipated, do not derange the little stomach by giving patent medicines or nostrums, and give very little medicine of any kind. Rather look to the diet, good, nourishing, easily digested foods with plenty of ripe fruit in season. Figs, prunes and peaches are laxative when eaten plentifully. Again, the constipation may be due to inactivity of the lower bowels, using the syringe every, or every other day, as occasion requires, will relieve without griping or straining. A month or two may not make any apparant change, but do not be discouraged and give plenty outdoor exercise.—J. C.

The last BLADES of June, 1887, just received. As usual, I turn to the HOUSEHOLD first, and it is with regret I read that the Home Talks with MRS. EMERGENCY are to be discontinued.

I hope she will pardon me; but I would like to offer one suggestion that I think was overlooked in the talk on poisonous bites or wounds Suppose the wound is on the face or neck where it is impossible to apply a compress or a tourniquet to impede the circulation. Sucking, by placing the lips to the wound and drawing out the poison is the quickest and most effective remedy. It is often resorted to by students in the dissecting room when they are so unfortunate as to cut themselves. Of course the mouth must be well and free from abrasions.—MEDIC.

I wish to come in to tell the lady how I got rid of ants in my cupboard: Take a large sponge, scald it, squeeze dry, and sprinkle with sugar, lay it in the shelf, taking away all other sweet things. About three times a day take out and scald in a basin. You will be surprised at the amount you will get in a day, and in a week, you will be likely to have none. Thanks for the many good things in the HOUSEHOLD.—MATTIE A. WICK, Sonora, Pa.

"Naomi," mend your stone jar with plaster of Paris. Get a few cents' worth at the drug store. Mix it with a little water, fill the crack full, and plaster some over it so as to be sure it is full. I think you will meet with success, as I mended a stone churn that way, and it does not leak yet, and this is the second summer I have used it. Have the plaster thin enough so it will fill the crack easily, and of course put it on before it "sets." Let me know what luck you have. I put on glass door-knob with plaster of Paris and glue. Clean out the knob well first.—MERT.

Tell Lena Porter to remove her plants from the pots, wash the plants and pots thoroughly with soap suds, with a little kerosene in it. Then get fresh wood dirt to fill them. First, put in a little manure from the cow stable, and finish filling with dirt, set in a shady place in the yard for a few days and water well every evening, or better still, after washing them, set them in a nice bed in the yard and repot in the fall.

"Naomi"—To mend your stone jar take a large kettle, place your jar in it, and pour in perhaps one gallon of cold skimmed milk, some under and some in your jar, and let it boil 20 minutes; then cool and wash and you will not know it is cracked. I have two three gallon jars in constant use for milk that was badly cracked nearly a year ago.

I wonder how many of you belong to the Chautauqua Circle. I intend to join it some day when time is more plenty, as I am told it takes nearer four than two hours a day for study and I cannot spare that time now. I mean to partly educate my two children myself, and trust them to fall behind, but rather improve.—CLARIBEL.

The author of the words

"He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends,"

is from the poem "After Death in Arabia," by Edwin Arnold.—ED.

Recipes.

Soda Crackers.—7 teacupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda rubbed in the flour, a full ½ teacupful of butter, 1½ teacupfuls of cold water. Mix and pound until it snaps. Roll thin, cut in square cakes, pick with a fork, bake in a moderate oven.

Water Crackers.—1 lb. of flour, 3 ozs. of butter, add sweet milk or water to make a stiff paste; beat well and smooth with a rolling pin, roll thin, cut in small round cakes and bake.—WIDOW BEDOTTE, Nettleton, Mo.

Snow Balls.—Place rice in milk to swell. Strain. Add 1 teaspoonful lemon and cinnamon. Pare and core apples. Put the rice around them; tie in cloth and boil well. Eat with cream and sugar.

Whipped Potatoes.—Whip boiled potatoes very light with a fork; beat in butter, pepper, salt; add frothed white of an egg. Toss irregularly in a dish. Set in oven two minutes, but do not let it color.—A SUBSCRIBER'S SISTER.

Recipe for Canning Corn.—To 1 qt. of corn take 1 scant teaspoonful of tartaric acid, dissolved in water enough to cover the corn. Let your corn come to a boil, then put in cans and seal up. When you open the cans to use it, put in soda to counteract the tartaric acid. Put the corn in new tin cans and grease the inside of the cans. Do not fill the cans quite full, as the corn swells after it is put in them. I know this to be a good recipe, for we have tried it.—JESSIE GRIFFITHS, Syracuse, Meigs Co., Ohio.

Ginger Snaps.—Heat to boiling one cupful of beef drippings and a little butter, mixed; one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one table spoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one scant table-spoonful of soda. Take from the stove, beat well, then add two eggs, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. It will take about six cupfuls of flour. Roll out well, and bake in a quick oven. Worth trying.

I wish to thank MRS. J. B. S. for that French mustard recipe.—MAY.

Steamed Fruit Pudding.—Take 2 cupfuls of suet chopped fine, 2 of boiling hot coffee, 2 of brown sugar, ½ lb. of raisins chopped fine ¼ lb. of currants and ¼ lb. of citron, 5 cupfuls of flour and 3 tablespoonfuls of baking powder sifted into the flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt; pour into a bag and steam three hours; do not lift the cover from the steamer during that time. Then serve hot with sauce. Two tablespoonfuls of flour, ½ of a cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 pint of hot water; boil all together; add lemon or vanilla flavoring.—MRS. A. M.

A Good Disinfectant.—Is made by dissolving ½ drachm of nitrate of lead in 1 pt. of boiling water, then dissolve 2 drachms of common salt in 8 or 10 qts. of water. When both are thoroughly dissolved, pour the two mixtures together, and when the sediment has settled you have a palpful of clear fluid, which is the saturated solution of the chloride of lead. A cloth saturated with the liquid and hung up in a room will at once sweeten a fetid atmosphere. Poured down a sink, water-closet or drain, or on any decayingior offensive object, it will produce the same result. The nitrate of lead is very cheap, and a pound of it would make several barrelfuls of the disinfectant.—EX.

To Dye Black.—To "A Poor Girl:" Here is a reliable recipe for dyeing black. It has been tried many times and has never failed: 1 oz extract logwood; ½ oz. bine vitriol; ½ bollertul scalding water. Dissolve logwood well and put it in the water while it is heating. When nearly warm enough put in the blue vitriol. When the dye is scalding hot, but not boiling, wet the cloth in clear rain water and dip into the dye. Let it remain in the dye half an hour, airing it as often as once every ten minutes, then cast the cloth into hard water, cold, and rinse thoroughly. Do not hang in the sun. If a cloudy day hang out doors.—A. B.

To Color a Rusty Black Dress.—Get 1 oz of logwood and dissolve in a little water. When you are ready to dip the goods have enough dye to cover them well. Add 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls baking soda, wet your goods thoroughly and put into the dye and stir and raise often; Keep it scalding hot; try a small piece of goods to see when the color suits you; then rinse in several waters and drain, not wring; have your flats hot and iron on the wrong side until dry. If it gets dry wet it, or you cannot iron it smooth. Put in all of your black pieces in the remainder of the dye and you will be surprised at the result.

I also colored an old basque, dipped it without ripping apart. I took pains to iron it good around the seams; the ironing is the worst of the work but not so bad as I imagined.—MERT.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BEAUFORT, S. C.	LISBON, MICH.
Julia Bampfield	Gertie D Hanchard
BROOKLYN, IA.	Hattie A VanSkiver
Blossom Judd	

Names this week, 4. Total, 20,010.

The above embraces all names received up to July 7.

VACATION.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Vacation! I fancy, if you were a child,
And rules and examples had driven you wild,
You'd just be as joyful as I am to-day
At the thought of vacation and freedom and play.

Not a lesson to look at for ever so long,
Not a dull, puzzling sum, with the answer all wrong,
No dreadful dictation to write on your slate,
No teacher to frown if a second you're late.

But fun in the morning and frolic at night,
And the hours between full of mirth and delight;
Such races and chases, such laughter and glee!
You'd know if you only were little, like me.

There's only one trouble, you look very kind;
Perhaps you'll tell mother (you're sure you won't mind?)
If she wouldn't insist so on bed-time at eight,
She'd make it more jolly for Freddy and Kate.

Vacation! We're off with the birds and the bees,
We'll picnic in woods and have swings on the trees,
We'll fish in the brook, and we'll ride on the hay,
And weeks upon weeks we'll do nothing but play.

Perhaps you are right—it don't seem so to me;
But we may by-and-by, having had so much glee,
Be pleased to return to the teacher's kind rule,
And willingly answer the summons to school.

—*Harper's Young People.*

SANDY'S THISTLE-BLOW.

BY CLARA DOTTY BATES.

"I wish that boy was good for something!" said Joel Furman to his hired man.

They had just come out of the log hut on the bluff at Furman's Landing, buttoned to the chin in their rough-weather fishing-jackets, and crowding their hats well down upon their heads to prevent their being carried away by the wind.

As he spoke, he glanced toward the rude dock, that looked like a short, black path out into the water.

An overgrown lad of 18 was walking back and forth upon it, holding in his hand a rope which was attached to a light ducking-skiff. He seemed to be playing with it, as a child plays with a toy ship

It was buoyant as an egg shell, and responded to every movement of his hand upon the rope, to his evident extreme enjoyment, for he did not seem to feel the keen wind through his shabby blouse, and had entirely forgotten the errand upon which he had been sent.

"Ever since he had that plaything he's done nothing but fool with it. It would serve him right to put him into it and push him adrift into the narrowing channels of the fast uniting ice. His ducking-boat! Could he not reach his father with that?

He ran to the boat-house, took out the frail shell, studied what means would be necessary to protect it against the ice, then, with tools taken from the shed at the house, began his wild experiment.

If only he could keep it from being stove in, he could easily push it before him over the ice, and when he reached an open space of water, could enter it and cross the floes beyond.

That was his plan.

He was ingenious and nimble, too under this stress of danger. He rigged the rollers under the skiff, and could devise no other protection, and by the time he had that done he was made aware, by the cries on shore, that the other rescuers had turned back.

He put some food in his pockets. His mother, when she understood his purpose, pleaded with him and wrung her hands. The old grandfather first besought and then commanded, and the deaf-mute by signs implored him for his foolhardiness in the severest terms his love for the lad would allow.

"That thistle-blow can't live five minutes on the lake," he cried, "and you'll be drowned, as well as your father."

But Sandy listened to nothing. He scanned the expanse of ice to discover the best channel route, and started, pushing the little craft before him.

It's weight was so insignificant he could easily lift it over obstructions and push it before him without great expense of strength. The very frailty of the "thistle-blow" was its salvation.

By choosing his route with great caution, he was able to keep upon unbroken ice unnecessarily far out, although in thin places it cracked ominously, and often one foot plunged through, and a violent scramble only saved him from going in entirely.

That distance reached, the battle began in earnest, for he now came to spaces of open water, where he was obliged to launch the skiff, ferry himself over, and then draw it out again upon the next cake of ice.

This was very laborious, and was constantly repeated, until he was within hail of his father and Barney.

The sight of him had given them new life. Following his direction, they set to work anew, wedging their way toward him, until at last they were within reach of the much needed food.

They ate, the tears of joy freezing on their weary faces, and ther exhausted hands trembling as they put the bread to their lips.

"Work this way," cried Sandy, indicating an open space of water. "Keep to the north now that the sun's to the sou'west," and on, as the clearer spaces made their journey easier, until they had reached sufficiently firm ice to bear their weight.

They had abandoned the Mackinaw, and lashing themselves together, with a long reach of line between, so that their weight might be distributed over greater area, began their journey.

The cold had increased so fast, the danger was constantly diminishing, since the harder the ice grew the firmer was their foothold.

When a rift was reached, or a floe of tossing fragments, Sandy, whose strength was comparatively fresh, would select the safest passage, even though they seemed to be turning away from shore.

Once or twice, one at a time, they crossed open water, the skiff being drawn back by its line to bear the next burden until the two followers were in turn transferred.

Their progress was intently noted by the watchers on shore, and when they were so near their safety was assurred, a glad cheer went up:

"Hurrah for Sandy Furman!"

Sandy's father echoed this with a feeble laugh, and with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Yes, hurrah for Sandy, and for Sandy's thistle-blow"

There was boisterous joy in the little cabin on the bluff when the exhausted and frost-bitten men were once more within reach of warmth and nourishment.

"Sandy's found out a new kind of navigation," said one enthusiastic sailor. "He's found out thistle-blows is better'n boats to sail in."

"He's the champion, anyhow," said another.

"You are good for a little something, after all, ain't you, Sandy?" said his father with such tenderness in his voice Sandy did not need any better praise. "But I'm afraid the poor thistle-blow won't be good for much in next year's fishing.—*Golden Days.*

THE DOLLS AND THE OTHER DOLLS.

"Mamma," little Nellie asked, is it right to give away things that have been given to you?"

Her mamma replied that it might be quite right sometimes; and she said, "But I should feel sorry if I had made a little friend a present she did not value, and so was glad to part with it."

"Oh, mamma!" said Nellie, "you know how I value my dollies, every one, that my dear aunts and cousins sent me because I was sick. Now I am well again. To-morrow is New Year's Some sick little girls in the hospital want dollies. Could I, if I knew which one to choose, keep one only for myself, and send the whole five of them to those poor children who haven't any?"

Her mamma liked the plan. She gave Nellie a box, and Nellie began kissing her babies, and laying them, one after another, in the box.

There were two nearly of the same size, that were very dear to this little mother. She called them twins. They wore white frocks and blue kid boots. They had real blonde hair, and their eyes would open and shut.

These lovely twins Nellie held in her arms a long time before she could decide which to part with. When she did place one in the box, to be her own no more, a tear was on the doll's cheek. I do not think the drop came from dolly's eye.

A few days after the dolls were given Nellie's mamma let her invite three little girls to play with her. Each girl brought her Christmas or her New Year's doll; and the three dolls, with Nellie's, looked sweetly sitting together in a row.

By-and by Nellie's mamma came to her room, which she had given to the party for its use that afternoon. She told the children she would give them a little supper of cakes and pears and grapes, and it would be ready as soon as Biddy could bring the ice-cream from down street.—*Our Little Ones.*

The Sunday School.

The Temptation of Jesus.

LESSON 6, SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1887.

Golden Text—He is able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2: 18.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt. 4: 1-11.

1. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward a hungered.

3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4. But he answered and said, It is writ ten,

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

Eli Barker, Mox Spring: To rid your horse of worms, give sulphate of iron, 1 drachm; tartar emetic, 1 drach; linseed meal, 2 drachms. Give in one dose, repeating the dose morning and night for a week; then give a purgative of oil and turpentine, namely: One ounce spirits of turpentine, 1 pint linseed oil. Mix and give in 1 dose. At the end of three weeks, repeat the entire treatment in order to clean out the bowels of the worms that have hatched from nits. The BLADE FARM has given many different recipes for worms in horses, any one of which will answer.

D. E. Bellinger, Missouri: Your horse has a disease of the eye known as specific opthalmia, called by horsemen moon-blindness, from the influence the moon is supposed to have upon it. This influence, however, is a popular delusion. Examine the eye carefully for any foreign substance that may be in it. After this bathe the eye with warm water and salt—a pint of the former to a teaspoonful of the latter. This fomentation should be done half an hour at a time with a sponge, three or four times a day. A flax seed may be inserted under the lid each day for four or five days. Inject the eye with tincture of opium, 1 oz.; rain, or distilled water, 1 pt. If the animal is in a plethoric condition it should be bled from the jugular vein. The bowels should be freely opened with Barbadoes aloes, 6 drams; pulverized ginger root, 1 drachm; pulverized gentian root, one drachm, made into a ball. When the bowels have been opened give one of the following powders night and morning on the tongue: Pulverized colchicum, one and a half ounces; saltpetre, two ounces. Divide into twelve powders. This disease is a very obstinate one, and the horse is liable to subsequent attacks at intervals varying from one to six months, and generally terminating in total blindness. By careful treatment the termination of total blindness may be warded off for a long time. Give the horse soft feed and bran mashes for a couple of weeks. Regarding the warts on your colt's nose, they may disappear as it grows older. If not, if they should subsequently (pedunculated), clip them off with a pair of scissors, or tie them off with a silk thread. When done bleeding cauterize them with lunar caustic, or touch them with a red hot iron. The latter may be resorted to if the warts bleed too much. If the warts are flat, burn them with nitric acid once a day until they are destroyed. If there are many of them take only a few of them in hand at a time. Do not attempt to take many of them off; it will make the colt feverish. We advise you to wait awhile and see if nature will not dispose of them.

SUBSCRIBER, Nebraska:—To clear the lice out of your poultry house, first remove the fowls, then place half an ounce of sulphur in a pan in the house; set it afire and shut off all ventilation. Thoroughly fumigate it two or three times in this way. Then sprinkle the coup well with water and carbolic acid, one gallon of water to an ounce of acid. Then Sprinkle Scotch snuff among the feathers on the backs of the fowls, and give fresh materials for dust bath. The editor thinks if "he" were to see our noble light Brahmas or Buff Cochins, "he" would be decidedly in favor of having those fowls. And yet we think the Langshan equally as nice birds. As a general purpose fowl the Plymouth Rock can not be surpassed, and for eggs the White Leghorn, Wyandotte and Dominique are equal to the best. The only objections to the Leghorn is that it must have a wide range, is light of flesh, and is a good flyer. Pyrethrum sprinkled on the fowls under the wings and over the back will destroy lice. By sprinkling the house with, say two ounces of pyrethrum to a gallon of water, and then sprinkling it on the walls and floor, it is hard to get fresh pyrethrum, as dealers frequently let the air to it. Then it is not worth anything. The fowls should often have their dust-bath renewed.

H. O., Norton, Kansas: We regret to say that we cannot give you the information you wish regarding the calves that died, as you did not say how old they were. Were they sucking calves? Did you examine their windpipe and bronchial tubes after they died? Had they diarrhœa, or did they cough before they were attacked? The four principal causes that lead to the death of calves are scouring, epidemic colic, croup, and parasitic bronchitis Of course the difference in age has nuce to do with determining the cause of death. If you will write, giving us the above information, we shall endeavor to advise you.

D. A. Mc Q., Illinois—We think the Plymouth Rock stands in the front rank as a general purpose fowl. They are hardy, of good weight, and good layers. The Langshan, Wyandotte and Light Brahmas are also good. As layers the Leghorns cannot be surpassed, especially the white, but they require a wide range, and are good flyers. They are not anything like as large a fowl as the P. Rock, Brahma, Langshan, or some other fowls. The larger birds named are great pets. The Dominique is a good layer, and is of fair size.

Salt in the Garden.

Thirty years' successful use of salt upon all kinds of crops has proved its value to me. It should not be used on cold, heavy or moist soils, and, if anyone does, he will be disappointed in the result, as its tendency is to keep the ground cool and moist. It will do such soil more harm than good. It should not be cast upon very young and tender plants of any kind, as it will be very sure to kill them. Judgment should be employed in using a strong an agent I had a friend who heard me recommend salt on onion beds, when I strictly urged that it should be dragged or worked in before the seed was sown; but, forgetting what I said, he did not salt until the onions were about two inches high, and it killed them all; but sowing another crop properly it turned out splendidly. I advised that until the tops were as big as a large pipe-stem, he might have covered the ground an inch deep, and his onions would have done finely. Onions should be sown on the same ground year after year, as they continue to improve. There are yards a hundred years old, and their yield would astonish the common grower. The tops when cut off should be scattered over the ground (do not leave them in lumps), as they make the best food for the growing onions; then sow salt, and then put on a coat of manure. Salt is not much of a fertilizer in itself, though plants take it up, as you can tell by tasting and by the stiffening and glazing of straw of a plant grown in salted ground. I think it acts upon and assimilates the gross matter in the soil, so as to make it available food. It should be in every garden.

Slugs and Ants.

Slugs are troublesome both in the open ground and in the greenhouse. Salt is certain death to them, even in smallest quantities, and when in the open garden, a slight sprinkling of salt over the ground in the afternoon, just before the moon is to be remembered, must be very slight, as salt, if put on (even as thick as sand is usually sown on a floor) will kill almost any kind of vegetation. In our greenhouses, the slugs usually feed at night, getting under the benches during the day. We have found a most effectual remedy in strewing a thin line of salt on edge of bench; this makes a complete "dead line" for the slugs and snails, for they cannot cross it and live. Another plan is to slice up potatoes, carrots, cabbages, or lettuce leaves, to feed on, for which they will leave all other plants. Examine these traps daily, and destroy the captives.

Of all insect pests on lawns, or sandy soils, ants are the most troublesome, and when these are on such large areas, any remedy as yet known is almost futile to destroy them. When on small areas, outside or in the greenhouse, we find about the best plans, are, to lay fresh bones or paper covered with molasses around their haunts; these will come to them in large numbers; they should be removed daily and burned or otherwise destroyed. Another method that we have found more destructive to them than any other, is to puff Pyrethrum or Persian insect powder from a strong bellows among them. The smallest particle of this powder at once chokes and kills them, though it must strike them dry to be effective; for we find that when the powder lies *damp* on the floor, they will run over it, and even burrow in it with impunity. Nothing I have ever tried will "poison" ants. Either their instinct causes them to avoid it, or else they are not affected by it.—*Peter Henderson, in American Agriculturist for July.*

Breeding American Horses.

When the breeder seeks to create a family, his first care must be to place his stock on land suited to their peculiarities. Saddle-horses are best reared on broken, hilly ground, for the habit of sure footedness it insures. Harness horses require for their development a rolling country, the moderate irregularities of which gives good knee action; and render them able in after days to cheerfully breast a hill. On no account should a rich, deep, alluvial soil be chosen to breed saddle horses on. Having secured a desirable tract of land, the breeder next must decide what class of horses he intends to produce; if saddle horses, the sire should be an Anglo-Arabian; color, dark bay, dapple brown or black; in conformation the build should be close-knit, the head handsome, with the dish-face of the Arab; the ears small and pointed, the eyes prominent and full of intelligence; the forehead wide, the muzzle so small that he could drink from a tumbler, the neck long and graceful, cut in at the throttle; this will insure his get against being pullers; the lips, when at rest, firmly closed; the back short and straight, the withers rather low and round, the fore-arm and hind-quarters muscular; the ribs deep, the knees large and flat, the crown bone short, the fore-leg measuring at least eight inches and a half under the knee, the height not to exceed fifteen hands, three inches, the horse well broken, and ridden in difficult ground. A steeplechaser would be the most desirable of all thoroughbreds, as his education would be transmitted to his progeny, in so far as that they would be more readily taught than other horses. The dams should be selected for stoutness of constitution, docility of temper, perfect soundness and abundant good looks; highly, but not clean bred. The sire, to produce stately harness horses, should also be thoroughbred; for heavy harness work, sixteen hands would not be too high, when combined with due size and symmetry of form. The first cross of such a sire from clean-bred Clydesdale or Percheron mares, gives excellent results; the second cross on these half-bred fillies, the sire being also thoroughbred, produces three quarter bred beauties of much substance, and abounding in good qualities. To create a type and preserve its best features, is easier and more remunerative than to do as farmers generally do, viz: breed for general purposes, because it is cheap and easy.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

Raising Pigs.

As soon as the pigs are old enough to follow the sow to the field I drive them there. Here they are happy. The little pigs skip and play in the sun, and lie and sleep and grow. The mothers, after their long confinement in their pens, fairly revel in the fresh cooling grass. Little sheds are built about the field, and here are the homes of the different litters. All there is to do to make the little pigs content is to drive them with their mothers to one of these sheds and here they will return to sleep. Not more than three litters are put together in this way, as they are apt to rob each other and to bunch up too much. The pasture is the pigs' paradise. The little fellows will begin to eat grass when two weeks old, and it is the best of food. Pig-keeping for any profit beyond the range of the extra milk and the kitchen slops turns on grass. In grass there is profit; and hogs can be kept without vexation if things are fitted for them. It is no trouble to turn a dozen sows into a pasture with a nice shed for them to sleep under. This I have done. There must be water for them to drink, and it should be pure. Here hogs will be healthy; and they will enrich the field. When a sow is likely to have pigs she is taken out and put in a small lot, or pen, by herself, and when the pigs are a week old she goes back to grass. —*F. D. Curtis in New York Tribune.*

The Western Cattle Question.

The outlook for heavy cattle-growing is not reassuring. Mr. Moreton Frewen, an Englishman who for several years past has seen much of the ranges, especially in Wyoming, asserts that overstocking has been carried so far as to greatly impair the capacity of the territories to afford sustenance to cattle. The vast herds have trampled out the grass within practicable distances of the watercourse, and there is no possibility of restoring the capacity of the ranges under the existing system of cattle-raising. He says that cold and drouth are not new things at all, and can not account for the depression in recent years. In his opinion, the days of the great cattle barons are numbered. They can give way to ten or a hundred times their number of men owning comparatively small herds, for which they can provide shelter in winter and a supply of food.

Notes for the Farmer.

A hospital for animals is projected in London, with free consultations in the out-quarters, where, besides treatment for suffering animals, lectures can be given and pamphlets distributed for public instruction.

Stagnant water is detrimental to all kinds of crops, and for that reason all fields should be tilled or underdrained in some manner. Underdrainage carries off the surplus water, and allows more air and heat to enter the earth.

Not satisfied with eating peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, currants and gooseberries, the bugs in the Delaware and Maryland peach belt have attacked forest trees, ivy and everything green. They are worse than the grasshopper plague.

All the cattle that Montana can send to market in a year would supply the Chicago market only about two weeks, while the combined annual product of the Northwestern cattle ranges would run the Chicago cattle market only about seven weeks.

The Agricultural department estimates that 10,000,000 acres of forest are used yearly in this country for fuel and lumber. Firhs, it is calculated, destroy about 10,000,000 acres more. The forest area of the country is less than 450,000,000 acres, but young forests grow up rapidly.

We ought to understand the make-up of plants and animals. In knowing this and the elements that compose them we shall more readily understand the relation existing between them, and so be the better prepared to supply to the plant through the soil those elements known to be lacking.

When flies and gnats are troublesome in the house, shut up doors and windows and blow a little pure and fresh buhach through the cheap bellows that can be had anywhere. "Pure and fresh," remember, and then sweep up and burn the corpses. Keeping the powder in close tins or cans is essential, as it soon looses its virtue when exposed.

Do not work close to the melon vines after they begin to run, but work the ground before them, as the roots do not receive benefit when disturbed. If grass exists in the watermelon field it is best to pull it out from around the vines and run a cultivator between them, provided they have not made much growth.

Large profits do not always depend upon large crops. One may grow an extraordinary large crop, but the expense of so doing may balance the receipts. Low prices also have an influence when crops are good in all sections. The profits depend upon the greatest amount at the least possible cost.

The advantage in transplanting lettuce is the larger and more tender heads obtained in that way. Planted in rows fifteen inches or so apart and a foot apart in the row, the plant will have ample room to develop. When the young plants have made about three leaves they are large enough to remove. Rich, moist soil is considered most desirable.

Beans are peculiarly liable to injury by moisture, and should never be hoed except in dry weather. If soil touches the leaves when wet by rains or dews it injures them, by causing rust. This is especially after blossoming begins, and it is better to have all the work of cultivation and hoeing finished before that time.

The French project of fertilizing the African deserts by means of artesian wells is reported to be working admirably. On a tract of 25,000 acres of worthless land granted by the Bey of Tunis an area of 375 acres is already under successful cultivation through the aid of the first well, and two others are in progress, which are expected to irrigate 7,500 acres.

A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seeds found upon si gle specimens of some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country. For shepherd's purse he makes the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,536; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 6,587; mouse ear weed, 4,366; common hurslane, 388,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

Every farmer should make it a point to fight the weeds. To get rid of the annual varieties all that is necessary is to cut them off before they seed. Those that are perennial require more work, but may be destroyed by persistently cutting them down during the prevalence of a hot dry spell. Some of them may require being dug up by the roots, but any labor that may be bestowed upon their eradication will be a saving in the future.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod-liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

At Nicholasville, Ky., John Hutchinson, charged with blowing up the business house of George Mason with dynamite, was found guilty and fined $500, or about two years in the workhouse.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Scene at the Well in Mesopotamia—What God Has Promised to All Who Will Come and Drink.

THE HAMPTONS, July 17.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., pastor at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, continues to enjoy the summer in this pleasant place. His sermon for to-day was on the text: "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; the we water the sheep." Genesis xxix. 8.

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautiful, pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air. All the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married the shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying drink. We wander around and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drouth has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now a great flock of sheep to-day gathered around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating; they come together peacefully. A great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in the church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many were going with to it. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich, and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor, and tell the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind, and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame, and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so worn out by the dog, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred million of the human race. Let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations all the invitations: "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black, Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the peak of the Andes. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachael were betrothed, so this morning, at this well of salvation, Christ our shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of special and full heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered. And I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstructions, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a warm room and being offered a sparkling glass of water sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with Rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, or even drinking out of the hollow of the hand, if dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which is on the well's mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated Lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 500 apologies—yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from him, your companion from him; your children from him, your home from him; all the bright surroundings of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Savior's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead, and his hands ministering to you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

"Heart of stone, relent,
Touched by Jesus cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son."

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up the gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like Oriental shepherds. I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon, I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck four, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing, and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Cœsus, and of all the Stewarts, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far East there was a King who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold, and silver, and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come, also, to this gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view is of it at forty, or sixty, or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have the property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man, "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loniness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Dr. J. E. Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell, farewell!" To learn old is a prop for years and then have it break under you! There were only two years difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say: "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender hearted man I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. He was sixty years living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel; and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father and mother, sit down. See how everything at the well for you. Come, David, the Psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist: "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright, He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight, and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear some time you will come to want. Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven, and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Is your nature so much larger than the sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did, because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul the aged, be your God forever!

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth."

"Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of all evil." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined this morning that no one shall go out of this house uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to day, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you a gentle and omnipotent medicament. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincey took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one says, in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of cheristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth, while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and standing on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven, the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess, at the well in Mesopotamia.

News of the Week.

MARTIN TO THE WORLD.

The Governor of Kansas on the Goo Effect of Prohibition.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The following has been received in this city, and is attracting unusual attention:

STATE OF KANSAS, EX. DEP'T, TOPEKA, July 12, 1887.

Wm. Henry Smith, General Manager Associated Press:

MY DEAR SIR:—On the 2d of July inst., a special dispatch was sent from St. Joseph, Mo., to a Chicago paper, in which it was stated that the "closing of saloons in Atchison, Kas., has cut off the most profitable source of revenue, amounting to thousands of dollars a year, and as a result the city has not revenue enough to keep it going; that the police force, with the exception of the chief and one policeman, had been suspended; that the services of firemen were to be dispensed with, and that gas and electric lights were to be shut off."

This dispatch was utilized by the Associated Press, and thus published in all parts of the country. As a result I have received many letters from different sections, making inquiries as to the truth of the statements it embodied, and have seen alleged facts commented on in dozens of newspapers as evidence that the abolition of saloons has reduced prosperous cities in Kansas to the verge of bankruptcy.

Similar letters have been received by the mayor of Atchison, and by many other cities of Kansas.

The dispatch referred to was prompted by two motives. It was first sent from a town in Missouri for the purpose of injuring a rival city in Kansas, and was inspired by the whisky interest, and intended to create the impression that efficient city government could not be maintained without the revenues derived from licenses.

Atchison has been for many years one of the most important railroad commercial centers of Kansas. It has a population of 23,000. If the whisky interest could create the impression that Atchison is mortally injured because the saloons have been driven out, a serious blow would be dealt to the temperance cause.

The Associated Press, in giving this false special such wide publicity, was made the unconscious agent of a malicious slander.

I deem it my duty to correct the false impressions thus created, and respectfully ask that this letter do appear in the publication as the dispatch which prompts it.

I am thoroughly familiar with the condition of the city of Atchison, and personally know that the statements embodied in the St. Joseph dispatch are false and misleading.

The gas and electric lights and water supply of the city have never been turned off. Its fire department has been and is now continuously on duty. Its police force has been largely reduced, but it has, in absence of the saloons, been ample to preserve the peace and protect the property of its citizens.

A local dispute concerning the methods of taxation, involving the adoption of a tax which has been collected in the city of St. Joseph for many years past, is the only foundation for the malicious and untruthful dispatch from that place.

Atchison abolished the last of its saloons in the fall of 1886. The whisky interest prophesied that this action would seriously injure the business of the city. It had no such effect. Atchison is more populous to-day than it has ever been. Its wholesale trade aggregated over $40,000,000 in 1886. During the first six months of 1887 this trade increased fully 33 per cent., over that for the corresponding six months of 1886.

All the principal streets of the city are now being paved; more substantial improvements are being made, more buildings are being erected than during any previous year in its history.

Better than all, hundreds and thousands of dollars that were formerly wasted in saloons are now expended in improving, clothing and beautifying people, and as a result thousands of wives and children in Atchison who were living in poverty a few years ago, are now prosperous, happy and contented. This Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is only a specimen of hundreds of false and malicious statements published in the newspapers during the past three or four years, concerning Kansas and Kansas towns.

The whisky interests predicted the abolition of saloons in Kansas would injuriously affect the material prosperity of the state, and falsehoods intending to confirm this view are constantly invented and circulated in every section of the country, and especially in states where movements are being made to banish saloons.

The Prohibition amendment to the constitution was adopted in the autumn of 1880, and the first law to enforce it took effect in May, 1881. The war to banish saloons, was, for some years, only partially successful. The amendment had been adopted by a very meager majority, and public sentiment in all the larger cities was overwhelmingly against it.

As late as January, 1885, saloons were open in fully thirty of the larger cities of Kansas. Steadily but surely public sentiment against them grew and intensified. The small majority that had voted for the amendment was reinforced first by those law-abiding citizens who are always willing to subordinate personal opinions to the majesty of the law, and by an equally large number who, observing the practical results following the abolition of saloons in different cities and towns, became convinced that Kansas would be more prosperous and happier in all respects, and a better community if it had not an open saloon within its borders. So sentiment in Kansas against the liquor traffic has grown and strengthened, until to-day every much the larger of its 500,000 male voters is more than 75,000 would, if they could, invite back and reinstate the saloon.

The arguments that saloons promote the prosperity and growth of cities has been met and answered by facts. In 1880 the population was 996,095; in March, 1886, a state census showed it was 1,406,738, and is now fully 1,650,000. In 1880 the assessed value of all real and personal property in the state aggregated $501,000,000; on March 1, 1886, the total was $277,575,303, and for the present fiscal year returns received indicate a total of $300,000,000.

In 1880 there were 5,315 school houses, 2,514 churches and 347 newspapers in Kansas. There are now fully 8,500 school houses, 3,500 churches and 780 newspapers. In 1880 only 55 towns and cities had populations in excess of 1,000 each. In 1887 more than 200 towns have each over 1,000 inhabitants. Fully 25 have each over 5,000, and four have each over 20,000. In 1880 only 8,868,000 acres were planted in crops; this year the area planted exceeds 16,000,000 acres.

In 1880 the value of farm products was $84,521,000; for 1886 the value is over $364,000,000. For the fiscal year of 1887 the total assessment of state taxation is two mills; for the present fiscal year she total percentage levied for all state purposes is only 4½ mills. During the past two years and a half I have organized seventeen counties in the western section of the state. Census takers have been appointed for four other counties, leaving only two counties to be organized.

Summing up these facts, the most wonderful era of prosperity, material, moral and intellectual development ever witnessed on the American continent has been illustrated in Kansas during the six years since the temperance amendment to our constitution was adopted, especially during the past two years, the period of its most energetic and complete enforcement. Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN A. MARTIN, Governor.

EX-UNION NEGRO SOLDIERS.

Some Points About Their Admission Into the G. A. R.

NEW ORLEANS, July 15.—[Special wire.]—The views of Department Commander Graham, of the Grand Army of the Republic, as to the relations of the Grand Army and the ex-Union negro soldiers, fail to satisfy the latter. They insist that the objection to their admission to the G. A. R. is solely on account of color; that there is absolutely no other basis for it, and they intend to appeal the matter from the local department to the Grand Encampment in St. Louis.

They say the true reason of their exclusion is due to the fact that the local posts of the G. A. R. prefer to fraternize with the Confederate organizations of the army of Northern Virginia and the army of the Tennessee rather than with their colored ex-comrades, and they fear that the admission of colored ex-soldiers to the G. A. R. would result in a rupture of the relations existing between the ex-Federal and ex-Confederate organizations in New Orleans, that are now so pleasant a feature of the social side of the respective associations and so conspicuous a feature in the public celebration of the respective memorial days—Federal and Confederate.

Many prominent members of the Grand Army of the Republic do not hesitate to admit that this view is correct.

Gen. William Wright, an ex-commander, says that after twenty years of a struggle against war prejudice, and for prestige and esteem in this community, and when all had been most happily obtained, and when that friendly feeling had grown up between Federals and Confederates, these colored soldiers, after waiting twenty years, present their claims.

He admitted that there were a few colored people who would be entitled to membership, but their number were like angel's visits, few and far between.

Major P. H. Boyle, vice-commander of the G. A. R., and others express similar sentiments.

An association is about to be formed in Sullivan county, N. Y., to be known as Empire Sheep & Land Co., North America. The object is to clear up the former timber lands of Sullivan, Delaware and surrounding counties in the State of N. Y., and seed them down in permanent grasses in order to breed sheep.

SHARP SENTENCED.

Four Long Years and to Pay a Fine of $5,000.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The party alighted and passed through the line made for them by the people through the waiting crowds of curious spectators, to the sheriff's office, and thence to the court room. Sharp was so weak in getting to the carriage from the jail

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The German crown prince has returned to London from the Isle of Wight much improved in health.

The Cologne *Gazette* denies that a bill is being prepared to make Prince Leuitpold, King of Bavaria.

There is only one Republican steam boat inspector in office, The others have been civil serviced.

The new government of New Foundland is said to favor the project of joining the Canadian confederation.

The London *Times* denies that the Marquis of Londonderry intends to resign the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Judge Thurman emphatically repeats his determination not to accept the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio.

Prince Ferdinand is bringing all the pressure he can upon Russia to induce her to consent to his mounting the Bulgarian throne.

Friederich Krupp, the well-known German metal founder and gigantic steel gun manufacturer, has died in a villa near Essen, Rhenish Prussia.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is about to publish a book entitled "Napoleon the first and his detractors." It will be a complete expose of Napoleonic ideas.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says official circles believe the Czar will force Prince Ferdenand of Saxe-Coburg-Gothe, to decline the Bulgarian throne.

R. F. Cowan, supreme keeper of records and seals, Knights of Pythias, has died at St. Louis. A few days ago he submitted to a surgical operation for the removal of a tumor.

The municipal council of Cork have resolved to present the Hon. Patrick A. Collins of Boston, with the freedom of the city, as a reward for his services to the cause of Ireland.

By reason of the new garnishee law in Indiana one may attach the wages of a person living in another state, but cannot collect the same if a counter suit is brought to Indiana.

A disease, supposed to be Texas fever, has broken out among a herd of cattle at Springfield, Ill., and several are dying every day. State authorities have been notified.

In the Pacific inquiry at Denver, Senator Teller swore that the railroads invested no money in making him senator. He was attorney for the Union Pacific for years, however.

The Treasury Department has decided there is nothing in contract labor law to prevent American citizens who may reside in Canada from engaging in labor in the United States.

The anti-German feeling in Nord, France, is said to be intense and Germans are scarcely safe on the streets. A Berlin paper, commenting on this, declares that France must stop it.

Michael Davitt writes to the New York Irish league that many of the royal Irish constbulary will resign and come to America when the coercian act goes into effect. He wants them well treated.

From figures given out by Powderly, not to reporters, however, it is ascertained that the membership of the order of the Knights of Labor has fallen from 1,000,000 to less than 600,000 within the last fourteen months.

The Sobranje has refused to accept the resignation of the Regents who tendered them, on the ground that their mission was completed now that the Sobranje had elected a prince. The regents will therefore remain in office pending the action of the powers respecting the election.

The General Executive Committee having in charge a reception of the entertainment of the Grand Army at St. Louis will issue a notice to all Department Post Commanders that it will be necessary for all those who desire to go into camp to send application for tents by before August 1.

The Treasury department has authorized the surveyor of customs at Cincinnati to admit free of duty foreign merchandise intended for exhibition at the coming centennial exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central states, under regulations similar to those prescribed in cases of other expositions.

Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme court, has listened to arguments in the application filed by the attorneys of Simeon Coy, for a writ of habeas corpus. Coy is one of the men indicted for complicity in the tally sheet frauds perpetrated at the last election. The arguments were conducted and the case taken under advisement.

Mayor Francis has appointed the committee to carry the invitation to President Cleveland to visit the city of St. Louis during the fall festivities. In this committee are the chairmen of the various associations having in charge the fall festivities and many prominent citizens representing the Union and Confederate soldiers and business men. The colored citizens are represented by one of their race.

The following is a synopsis of the resolutions adopted by the Division and Admission convention: We are unalterably opposed to admission as a whole. We declare for division on the seventh standard parallel. The convention affirms that the people of Dakota should be admitted to the Union, to designate their state boundaries, subject to modification by Congress, with their consent. All considerations unite in dictating admission in accordance with the plan submitted by the act of the territorial legislature to the suffrage of the people in November, 1886. We protest against the tyranny of Congress in refusing admission, and appeal to the people of the Union for support.

DUN'S WEEKLY.

The State of Trade During the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, July 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review shows the exports of breadstuffs, cotton, animals, animal products and petroleum in June to be $32,668,277 against $38,738,295 in June 1886, last year. Breadstuffs increased $3,300,000; cattle, $271,000; cotton decreased $9,100,000; provisions, $100,000; oil, $344,000. With other exports as last year the aggregate for June would be $50,000,000 against about $50,000,000 imports, making an excess of imports for the theee months of $10,000,000.

Cotton held above foreign markets accounts for $25,000,000 of tois loss and recent failures indicate that this speculation was not wiser than the one in wheat. The unloading of those who bought wheat after Kershaw's failure depressed No. 2 red here to 82½, a fall of over 4 cents for the week and 24½ cents since June 30, with exports of 153,629,000 bushels for the last year. The stock carried over includes 34,000,000 visible supply, 8,000,000 bushels in California, and a certainty of 10,000,000 in farmers' hands, besides all the flour on hand—facts which establish the correctness of the estimates made months ago, that the surplus would exceed 50,000,000 bushels.

In spite of railroad earnings, which gained 15 per cent. in June, and the encouraging assurance by prominent men of continued proof that the inter-state act is not to be so construed by the courts as to do all harm apprehended, prices of stocks have been lower. The market depends, not upon values or earnings, but upon political questions as to the question whether the famous Ives-deal is merely undeait or a misdeal. It is the case of a long row of bricks on end. If one banker calls a doubtful loan, he fears that it will cause other calls and a toppling over all along the line.

So everybody waits for a market, and the market waits for long promised "settlements" to materialize. Why investors will not buying statistics of new buildings and real estate sales may explain. If the desire has in six months invested $100,000,000 so many in new buildings, $400,000,000 hurried into Southern manufactures and may tie your all the cost of buildings and as the rest of the country and clothing, in in new railroad building, it carry into evi unlimited sum ready to emin so doing outside the treasury and banks, the currents, amounted to $2,162,000 a You have or $35.70 per capita, and now of being, to $2,326,000, or $37.70 per

you could prices of stocks, less assessments antly are about 3 per cent. higher than a visib ago. Pork is 33 per cent. higher, cottie 10 per cent. higher, coffee 98 per cent. higher, pig iron 12 per cent. higher, wheat 4 per cent. lower, corn 5 per cent. lower, oil 9 per cent. lower, and beef 13 per cent. lower.

From all interior points trade reports are favorable, considering the season, and collections are fair. Money is a trifle easier at Nashville, in good demand at Cleveland, and plenty at kansas City and Detroit.

Unusual activity in tobacco is noted at Cincinnati. The syndicate is said to have bought 6,000,000, a third of Kentucky's blue grass crop. Iron is stronger. The New York statement of the iron production is 90,000 tons less for the half year than the Pittsburg account, which would make half a years consumption of domestic; imported iron and steel 4,258,000 tons, against 3,316,000 for the first half of 1886.

Some stringency at western points affects the prices of wool. Wool tricots are much depressed, a sale of 2,800 pieces being noted at 42½c against 55c last year, and one house opens light weight cheviots at $1.25, which were reduced to $1.37 last year.

In the cotton branch of dry goods, prices are well maintained.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 149, and for Canada 30, a total of 179, compared with 154 last week and 183 for the corresponding week of last year.

WILL NOT RESIGN.

Powderly Will Stay and Does not Favor Executive Sessions.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—[Special wire.]—General Master Workman Powderly, before he left the city yesterday, said that he would undoubtedly say to the convention that meets in Minneapolis, that the proceedings be held with open doors. If the reporters were admitted during the transaction of the regular business of the convention he thought the public would have more confidence in the order and the proceedings would surely be more accurately repoeted than they had been before. Mr. Powderly remarked that he would not resign his position.

HENRY GEORGE AT ERIE.

The Great Agitator Meets ith a Rather Cool Reception.

ERIE, Pa., July 14.—The labor demonstration here yesterday under the auspices of the Erie assemblies of Knights of Labor passed off without an accident. The most of the city workshops shut down and decorated in honor of the event. The parade, with Henry George at its head, had between 1,200 and 1,400 Knights of Labor in line.

The picnic at the Grove House grounds, Fort Hermann, was attended by over 5,000 Knights of Labor. There was a programme of games, and the Henry George speech advertised, but the latter was the least drawing feature of the programme. The speaker rehashed his poverty and property book, but was not listened to by one-fifth of the audience.

There seemed to be a general lack of sympathy with the lecture, and his address was cut short. The fact that one of the city assemblies had published a card disclaiming sympathy with George's theories did much toward abating interest in that feature of the exercises.

The speaker did not lose the opportunity to laud his coadjutor, Dr. McGlynn, and in doing so antagonized a large element of the organization under whose auspices he had been brought here. The evening lecture at the Opera house on land and labor was a disamal failure so far as the attendance was concerned.

The Henry George circle and a member of representative property holders and a number of professional men comprised the audience of one hundred. The speaker discussed the question of land, but advanced not a single new idea.

He stirred up a mare's nest by opposing tariff, but when he reached the McGlynn matter he met an earnest protest from a leading K. of L., who asked the speaker to confine himself to the text and let Dr. McGlynn's ruction with the church alone.

The speaker reported that he had a right to his opinions, whereupon the George adherents came to his rescue and applauded the Erie remonstrator to his seat. The lecturer was interrupted by a strain of questions, but took what was considered untenable grounds, and the exercises closed. The singular reaction against George cannot be accounted for, and what was intended as a boom for the labor cause in Erie has fallen short of what was anticipated. Petroleum District Assembly will remain in session all week.

THE GROWING GRAINS.

The Temperature for the Past Few Days General Indications.

CHICAGO, July 18.—The following crop summary will be printed in this week's edition of the *Farmer's Review:* "The drouth throughout the Northwest is injuring all crops more or less. Corn, although not materially damaged so far, is commencing to show the effects of the season, and must suffer considerably if rain does not fall soon in sufficient quantities. As a result of the drouth, ripening is progressing too fast, and will hardly make three quarters of the average crop if the drouth continues. Estimates of average yield of winter wheat in different states from reports of threshing or calculation: Sixteen counties in Illinois, 15 bushels, a falling off of two bushels compared with the report last week; Morgan county, 25 bushels; Pope, 8 bushels.

"Twelve counties in Indiana report 15 bushels; four Kansas counties report 17 bushels, but others report returns light to very poor; four counties in Kentucky report 11 bushels; three Michigan counties, 13 bushels; eleven counties in Missouri, 19½ bushels. Our Ohio reports indicate 18 bushels, figures not given; Wisconsin, 14 to 20.

Spring wheat: Nineteen counties in Iowa, 72 per cent.; eleven counties in Minnesota, 71; twelve counties in Nebraska, 84; seven counties in Dakota, 89. Insects doing considerable damage in some localities to corn; chinch bugs attacked the crop after replanting in fifteen counties. The months condition: Twelve counties in Illinois report 91 per cent; twelve Indiana counties, 93; seven Ohio counties, 98; fourteen Missouri counties, 106; thirteen counties in Nebraska, 104; twenty-four counties in Iowa, 103; fourteen counties in Minnesota, 99; seven counties in Wisconsin, 99. Dakota counties lead the list, with an average of 120 per cent. Six Michigan counties, 101. Kentucky counties report 100; nine counties in Kansas, 102.

Pastures lack rain. Potatoes and apples do not promise more than half a crop. Hay hardly reaches that figure.

THE COMMONERS.

The Banner Under which they will Fight in Pennsylvania.

BRADFORD, Pa., July 15.—The following call for a state convention of the Union Labor party, of Pennsylvania, was issued to-day:

BRADFORD, Pa., July 30, 1887.

To the Citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

By virtue of an appointment as national committeeman on organization of the Union Labor party for Pennsylvania, I do hereby issue a call for a state convention to be held at Williamsport Pa., on Wednesday, September 7, 1887, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of perfecting a state organization, and nominating a state treasurer and judge of the Supreme court. All who desire a pure government based upon the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and reaffirmed in the Constitution of these United States, are most earnestly requested to co-operate in this industrial movement whose aim and objects are to secure and retain inviolate to every man, woman and child in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With life comes the constitutional right of a means of living, and whoever in any way denies to any being his or her natural right to life is a challenge to each to the Creator, and an unspeakable enemy to mankind.

We want a country based upon industrial and moral worth, not wealth. This much desired object can be attained only by the united efforts of the toiling masses. Centralization of wealth into the hands of the few should be viewed with alarm; for where the few have much, the many must necessarily have but little, and the true prosperity of any country depends on the general diffusion of knowedge and wealth.

This state, which has no superior in natural wealth, with beautiful scenery and a wonderful variety of industries, has for the last quarter of a century been misruled by the worst of political rings and avaricious corporations, who deny any measure of justice or relief to the common people.

Fellow citizen: Each year's delay in this patriotic endeavor will make it ten times more difficult to reclaim and vigilently hold our Godgiven rights. We must emulate the unselfishness, perseverance and wonderful unity of effort of our brothers of 1776.

They had but the foreign foe to defeat—we have both the foreign and native foe. Let us have a large, enthusiastic, and determined convention.

FERDINAND KREINER,
Union Labor Party, National Committee.

CANADA'S TRADE.

A Statement in Contradiction of the Usual English Bluster.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 18.—The Dominion government will send a commissioner to Asia for the purpose of promoting trade between Canada and China and Japan. All efforts of the present Dominion government to extend Canada's foreign trade have been utterly barren of results, and the Canadian foreign trade is still on the decline.

Sir Alexander Galt and Sir Charles Tupper have made great efforts in that direction and spent a lot of money over negotiations for a treaty with Spain, but they accomplished nothing.

A commissioner was sent to the West Indies last winter to report upon the best means of developing trade with those islands. He came home and recommended that a subsidy be granted for a line of steamers between Halifax and some of the West Indian ports, but the government declined to adopt his suggestions.

It is held that it will be impossible to extend Canada's foreign trade on a profitable and permanent busis until the Dominion obtains the right to negotiate commercial treaties on her own account.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY

Return From Their Trip to the Thousand Islands—An Accident.

UTICA, N. Y., July 18.—The Presidential party reached Utica from Forestport in Gen Z. C Priest's private coach at 9:45 o'clock this morning. Secretary Fairchild and wife accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. Superintendent Priest took charge of the train on the New York Central road as far as Canastota.

No. 475, with Engineer Jacobs in charge, drew the party out of this station at 9:56 a. m. As the connecting train for Cazenovia will not leave Canastota until 11:30 the special train will be run at a moderate rate of speed, slowing up at Oriskany and Rome, stopping possibly at Oneida. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland look quite well. The night and this morning were most exhausting. A heavy rain fell at intervals, but this added to the discomfort rather than cooling the atmosphere.

On the up trip a conneting rod on the engine broke, disabled the engine, and so badly injured the engineer that he died.

Call In and Get Your Pay.

ST. LOUIS, June 19.—The adjutant general of the state of Missouri arrived in this to-day to pay the St. Louis regiment for services rendered in the Missouri Pacific strike of 1885. The total amount appropriated for the eight days' service was $2,300. Privates received $5.60 each. Since the service the regiment has been disbanded, and many of the men have left the county.

ANOTHER SPLIT.

The National Assembly of Iron and Steel Workers Dissatisfied with the K. of L.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 14.—A formidable break in the order of Knights of Labor is threatened on account of the failure of the National Assembly of Iron and Steel Workers, which organized in this city to receive its charter.

The purpose of the new order is to have the business of iron and steel workers controlled exclusively by representatives of that branch of trade, in the belief that it would prove more beneficial to them financially than under existing regulations, which allow shoemakers, carpenters, etc., belonging to the order of Knights of Labor, to interfere with the disputes of iron and steel workers. General Secretary Litchman, of the Knights of Labor, is blamed for the existing trouble.

A promment Knight of Labor, who was on the committee delegated to ask for the charter of the National Assembly of Iron and Steel Workers, said here to-day: "National assemblies, such as the one we have formed, will take considerable power from Litchman, inasmuch as we will settle all trades disputes without interference from the executive board of the Knights of Labor, and more than this, Litchman is more directly interested. Here is an instance: D. A. No. 130, of Massachusetts, is composed of 85,000 members.

"This assembly supported Litchman for secretary. Of the 85,000 about 70,000 are shoemakers who are confemplating the formation of a national assembly such as ours. Litchman is opposed to this division of that assembly for fear hereafter he will not be so influential.

"Then we have to be subjects to granting us a charter, thinking it would encourage them." If the new order fails to get its charter, it is said, on apparently good authority, that 60,000 iron and steel workers will cease to be Knights of Labor and will join the Amalgamated association of Iro and Steel Workers.

THE SOUTH RIDICULES

Such Men as Sherman, Fairchild. Foraker and Tuttle.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The Baltimore *Sun* yesterday thus ridicules three as good soldiers as marched to the overthrow of rebellion:

The Tuttle rebellion is the name given by a contemporary to the movement started by General Tuttle and taken up by General Fairchild, Governor Foraker and Senator Sherman, for the promotion of disloyalty to the Federal government. Actual hostilities have not yet been recorded, but these braves, regretting the dainty whiteness of their hands throughout the last war, are now anxious to imbue them in Southern gore. They propose to begin, it is understood, by chopping off the head of President Cleveland, after first degrading his office. Whether their next victims will be the civil service commission or the three members of the cabinet from the South is not yet settled.

As to Senator Sherman, he raised a regiment, and would have gone into the field with it if President Lincoln and the people of his district had not insisted that he should serve them in Congress. It is interesting to notice how rapidly Mr. Cleveland's supporters are filing into business and the attack on the Grand Army are progressing, and to see what they regard as "disloyalty to the Federal Government."

O'DYNAMITE ROSSA SCARED.

Dick Short Out Again and Claims He Wants a Settlement.

NEW YORK, July 13.—O'Donovan Rossa was a frightened man to-day. Dick Short, who carved up Capt. Phelan, is the cause of his anxiety. Rossa discharged from the Skin and Cancer hospital on Saturday, and has openly asserted his intention of demanding certain moneys which he claims Rossa owes him. He also says that if payment is not made he will give Rossa a dose of the same treatment he gave Phelan.

A reporter found the advocate of dynamite sitting at his desk in the *Sunday Democrat* office, writing a lucid editorial for the *United Irishman*. He was evidently nervous when Short's name was mentioned. He said that Short was a dangerous man, and capable of doing bad work if he was urged to it, and he knew of several people who would advise him to use violence.

In making up the alleged debt, Rossa said he had settled all accounts connected with the Short business. The accounts had been duly audited by the Fenian Brotherhood committee, and the papers and receipts were in the hands of Treasurer John Murphy, who also holds Short's final receipt in settlement given by Short eight months ago. Rossa concluded by saying: "All this trashy talk in the matter is got up by people who are urging Short on in the interests of England."

ANOTHER JAUNT.

The President Looking Around to See the Glorious Country He Rules.

UTICA, N. Y., July 16.—This morning, like all mornings since the President entered Central New York on his present holiday trip the weather was beautiful, and there is every promise of a most enjoyable trip to the Thousand Islands. The special train, which conveys the Presidential party to the islands, left Utica at the appointed hour—8 a. m.—accompanied by Assistant Superintendent Hammond, of this division of the road.

Upon its arrival in Watertown at 10:30 General Manager Britton will join the party. The train consists of an engine, day coach and the drawing room car "City of Watertown." It had been the understanding between Secretary Fairchild and Private Secretary Lamont that the former and his secretary should remain at Trenton Falls, but this arrangement was not carried out and secretary and Mrs. Fairchild boarded the train in Utica this morning.

At Hotland Patent the party was augmented by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, L. L. Yeamans and wife, the brother-in-law and sister of the President, and Miss Currie E. and Miss Mary L. Hastings, President Cleveland's nieces.

IOWA PROHIBITIONISTS.

The State Convention Places a Full Ticket in the Field.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 15.—In response to a call for a Prohibition state convion, delegates met in this city this afternoon. The usual committees were appointed, and the chief work was the nomination of a state ticket and the adoption of a platform. The following were nominated: For governor, Mr. N. G. Farnham, of Plymouth county; for lieutenant governor, Mr. William T. Cadwell, of Harrison county; for superintendent of public instruction, Professor Stephen N. Fellows, of Iowa City; for Judge of Supreme court, Judge Charles H. Lewis, of Woodbury county.

The platform declares for separate political action in dealing with the liquor traffic, favors a deduction of passenger rates to two cents a mile, favors the establishment of postal savings banks, declares that the public lands should be reserved for actual settlement, favors woman suffrage, insists upon the enforcement on all schools of a law providing for teaching the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the human system, and advocates further amendment of the present prohibitory law to make its enforcement more stringent.

DEFENDED THE SOLDIER,

And Lost His Position Under Cleveland for So Doing.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Commissioner Black has ordered the dismissal of Charles H. Behle, special pension examiner stationed at Cincinnati. There is nothing against Behle's official record, but it happened that not long after the President's battle-flag order had been made public the examiner was present at a social gathering where some Democratic enthusiasts present denounced the Grand Army of the Republic as a lot of cranks.

Behle, being an old soldier, was naturally much incensed at the remark and resented it in some plain-spoken language, at the same time probably criticising President Cleveland for his attempt to give back the rebel flags. The Democrat to whom Behle thus replied made charges against the examiner, and when the attention of Commissioner Black was called to the matter he without an effort to hear the other side of the case, and absolutely refusing to grant Behle a hearing, dismissed him from the service. Black has thus shown himself to be in full sympathy with the President's course touching the flags. He used to be considered a man who would not truckle to anything that savored of rebellion.

RETAIL SHOE DEALERS.

They Propose to Boycott Wholesalers Who Sell to Dry Goods Men.

CHICAGO, July 19.—Two hundred delegates were present this morning when the annual convention of the National Association of Boot and Shoe Retailers was called to order. All the principal cities of the country were represented.

The dealers were cordially welcomed in behalf of the local association, and it was announced that the sum of $2,000 had been subscribed for their entertainment and that a programme including visits to the parks, theatres and a banquet had been arraigned.

Among the subjects to be considered is the effect upon the retail trade of the extensive sales of boots and shoes by dry goods houses throughout the country. The Chicago delegates will strongly urge that a boycott be placed upon the wholesalers who sell to the dry goods houses. This question is liable to be a thorn in the side of the convention, and will probably lead to an animated discussion.

TEACHERS IN COUNCIL.

Enormous Gathering of Educators in the Windy City by the Lake.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Except at the national conventions of the two principal political parties, no audience has ever assembled in the Chicago exposition building equal in numbers and brilliancy to that gathered there last night at the opening session of the national educational association. It was estimated that 18,000 people, several thousand more than could find seats, were crowded into the great hall.

The bulk of the marvelous throng was composed of active educational workers. There were three women to every man, and the audience seemed a sea of bonnets and light dresses. The great gallery was as completely crowded as the floor.

From 8 o'clock until 9 the programme was a Thomas concert. After the music was over the stage was re-arranged and the notables of the occasion ascended the rostrum, making their way gingerly over the skirts of the innumerable young ladies seated on the steps.

Among those who reached the platform were the officers of the association, members of the national council, Mayor Roche, and members of the Chicago board of education.

President William E. Sheldon called the convention to order, and without further preliminary Mayor Roche began a hearty address of welcome. After him came President Story, of the Chicago board of education, Supt. Howell, of the Chicago city schools, and County Superintendent Lane, all welcoming the delegates to the convention.

President Sheldon responded on behalf of the association. He closed by introducing the principal speaker of the evening, Richard Edwards, LL. D., Illinois state superintendent of education. The subject of Dr. Edwards's address was "The Problem of To day," and as to what this problem was, he practically said as follows:

I put the work of the schoolmaster in its highest form as pre-eminently the work of these decades in which we are living. By this I mean not the process by which we make the schools subserve our outward interests, but the process by which we make the schools and all else subserve the inner wants of the man. The development of character—that is the problem of today; so to mould, and shape, and control trouble the men and women of this and coming generations, that they shall not be enervated by luxury or enfeebled by indulgence—this is the burden that is laid upon us. How is this body of teachers to accomplish this great n task? First, by recognizing the significance of it by cordially entertaining high ideals; this is the fundamental requisite, and this will help to secure all requisites. The level-headed enthusiast, that is to-day the best business and instrumentalities to be employed in his work, will be so to-morrow. The work that men do may be divided into two classes: the permanent and the transient. Among the latter must be reckoned all the outward work of men's hands. Even the Parthenon cannot be kept intact through the centuries; notwithstanding the clear and genial skies, the classic walls at last crumble, but that which substantially improves the human race continues a beneficent power forever and ever, and such work the true teacher does.

He was listened to with wrapt attention until a late hour, at which the convention adjourned.

The business proper of the convention commenced this morning with a general meeting at Central Music hall. N. A. Calkins, of New York, presided, and briefly welcomed the delegates who were in numbers large enough to pack every nook and corner of the building.

HENRI INTERVIEWED.

The Halpin Story Out of the Way and a Campaign on State Issues.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The *Herald* prints a two-column interview with Henri Watterson on politics in general. Mr. Watterson says that the Democrats are bound to renominate Cleveland whether they like him or not, as there is no one to contest the field with him. He was asked if he liked Cleveland and replied: "Well, I like the old lady at the mourner's bench observed when asked whether she loved the Lord, I may say I hain't nothing agin him."

He is also quoted as saying: "At one time I though the Republicans would enter a dark horse in the race. Recent indications, however, point to the renomination of Mr. Blaine. In that event we shall have the old fight over again, with some material variations."

"What will those variations be?"

"Less personal scandal and more old-fashioned party bitterness. The Mulligan letter box is an exploded magazine and the President's marriage knocked Maria Halpin as high as a kite."

"Real issues are gathering with greater positivty and clearness. The tariff for one thing, and Mr. Blaine handles the protectionist side of the controversy with greater ability and plausibility than all others put together. The Solid South for another thing; and, as to this, the Republicans have framed an indictment, which, though specious, will serve them for a policy through another campaign. Two such questions stoutly maintained cannot fail to produce a great deal of feeling."

"Where do you think the campaign will lie?"

"On the whole, with the Democrats, I think. There is not, in my judgment, another Republican President wrapped in the folds of the bloody shirt."

The name of Foraker was then mentioned by the reporter, and the Kentucky editor said: "Oh, Foraker, fiddlesticks. He is a sort of Cheap-John Jefferson Davis, with all Mr. Davis's unguarded garrulity and rash impetuosity, but without any of Mr. Davis's accomplishments and sincerity."

THE COLOR LINE.

An Interesting Question Before the Georgia Legislature.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 19.—[Special wire.]—Considerable excitement has been created in Atlanta by the introduction by William Glenn, of Whitfield, of a bill in the Legislature making it a penal offense to educate white and colored children in the same institutions.

There is a clause in Georgia's constitution against this, but much attention has never been paid to it.

The public became interested in the matter when the board of Visitors of the State University reported officially to Gov. Gordon that white children were being educated with colored children at the Atlanta university. This university has an annual appropriation from the state of $8,000 for the education of colored children.

Mr. Glenn's bill is the outcome of the excitement raised by the announcement of the board of visitors, and provides a penalty for the teacher, principal, or trustees of a school where whites and blacks are taught together, of not less than $1,000 fine, two months in the chain gang, or six months in jail. The white teachers in colored schools claim the right to teach their children together with the negroes.

BROKE UP THE BUSINESS.

The saloon-Keepers at Wilkinson Have a Hard Road to Travel.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 19.—[Special wire.]—There was an exciting time last night at Wilkinson, in Hancock county, growing out of the mobbing of a saloon run by William Wilson, which was established in that village about three weeks ago. The saloon was in charge of John Robert Wilson, a cousin of the proprietor and when the mob, numbering 75 or 100 persons, began battering the front windows and doors, using bowlders and a piece of timber, he fired shot from his revolver, hoping to intimidate the assailing party.

The ruse failed to work. After the mob entered, the pool-table was broken with a sledge-hammer, and the counter and bar fixtures were similarly served. It is said for Wilson, had he known the sentiment of the village he would not have undertaken the business.

Parties from Wilkinson report that on Saturday night several persons were ejected from the saloon, going away vowing vengeance, and they are inclined to think the attack was instigated by this class, and not by those opposed to the saloon from a conscientious standpoint.

POISONING THE HORSES.

Strikers on the New York Surface Roads Playing Even.

NEW YORK, July 19.—[Special wire.]—The Third avenue surface railroad company has all been worked up during the past week by a mystery. The victims are 15 of the company's car horses which suddenly sickened a week ago yesterday and died within a few hours without any apparent cause. Supt. Robinson thinks the animals were poisoned. One of the men said:

The horses were certainly poisoned. I think the strikers did the poisoning, and so does every one else here, the bosses included. But they won't tell you so, because they're keeping shady so as to find out which one of 'em did it. There are plenty of men among those strikers who would do anything like that to get even for being shut out. There is a detective working up the case now.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

An Eleven Year Old Girl to be Hanged for Murder.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 19.—[Special wire.] Oxey Cherry, an 11 year-old colored girl of Barnwell, has been convicted of the murder of her little white charge, and was sentenced to be hanged in September.

The young criminal was hired out by her parents to nurse a white baby.

The work was distasteful to her, and she administered a dose of concentrated lye.

FRIGHTFUL WRECK.

An Excursion Train Crashes Into a Freight Train Laden With Oil.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., July 16.—[Press.]—A terrible accident occurred at the crossing of the Grand Trunk and Michigan Central railroads in this city at 7 o'clock last evening.

An excursion train on the Grand Trunk from Port Stanley ran into a passing freight train on the Michigan Central made up of a number of cars laden with oil.

The engine crashed into one of those cars when the oil instantly took fire and burned with great fierceness, communicating it to the forward car of the excursion train, filled with passengers.

After the collision the passengers commenced emerging from the car windows, every available means of egress being taken advantage of. A majority of the passengers in the car next to the engine had been got out.

Engineer Donnelly was found in the cab, with his hand on the lever still, as if endeavoring to make the air brakes work.

He add additional horror to an already sufficiently appalling affair, the section of the freight train into which the engine of the passenger engine plowed, had two cars containing tanks filled with crude oil, and a car loaded with barrels of refined oil, and almost before the passengers heard the crash of the collision, it was followed by a tremendous explosion, which could be heard for miles.

A pyramid of red fire and black clouds towered up in the air, and in a moment sheets of fire reached out and enveloped cars, dwellings and warehouses in the vicinity. The burning oil was scattered around in all directions, setting fire to Griffin's coal and salt warehouses, J. L. Campbell's sawing and watch house and other structures in the city, destroying all of these and causing a loss of about $50,000.

Herman Ponsford, of the fire department, was literally encircled by a volume of fire, and when the smoke cleared away it was seen that from head to foot he was covered with flames. His injuries are of a horrible nature and he cannot recover.

A. Francis, United States consul, was struck by a hose-reel and terribly injured. His recovery is doubtful. The bodies that were among the first to be recognized were those of R. Donnelly, engineer of the excursion train; J. Smithers, wife and daughter, and A. Zealand and daughter.

As soon as the collision occurred the utmost confusion arose, and the shrieks of the women and children were heartrending. In a moment the flames broke out. Mr. A. B. Remey and Mr. A. A. Drake at once rescued Mrs. King and Mrs Wegg and their children through the windows, and others also clambered through windows.

Alex. Watson, the Grand Trunk railroad brakeman, was blown up in the air by the explosion and had his collar bone broken by the fall. W. Chudley was run over by a hose reel and had a leg broken.

Mr. Brumfelt and Miss Clark were knocked down from the force of the explosion, and both were severely bruised and slightly burned. Mrs. Barnes, of London, badly burned; John McKellar, burned on back of neck and head; Wm. Heath, severely burned and otherwise scorcoed; Wm. Joyce, engineer of Grand Trunk railroad, severely burned on back and hands; Ed. Moore, hands and face scorched.

The 7-year-old daughter of William Jeffries, fevereiy burned about hands and face; Nelson Godsley, blacksmith, burned on face and head, D. Declan, both ears burned; H. S Doherty, printer in the *Journal* office, hands, ears and neck badly burned; Mr. Newcomb, badly burned on the neck and ears; W. H. Donaldson, ears and neck scorched; Robert Edgar, fireman, hands burned; A. Chudley, shoemaker, badly bruised by being run over by a hose reel; Mr. McKinnis, scorched about the hands and face.

Georgie and Frankie Cattley were on Railway street at the time of the explosion. The clothing of both took fire and it is feared that they were fatally burned, heir faces, hands and bodies being terribly scorched before their clothing could be extinguished.

RELIGIOUS SENSATION.

The Provincial of the Hermits, of the Order of St. Augustine, Deposed and a Successor Appointed.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—One of the most remarkable cases of ecclesiastical litigation in the history of a religious order of the Roman Catholic church in the United States has just been decided in this archdiocese.

Although the processes have covered nearly eleven months of time and have been conducted by each party to the suit with much zeal and increasing bitterness, both in this country and in the courts of the Holy See, not all information concerning the proceedings were carefully restricted to those within the monastic walls.

During the past few days, however, the secret so long and so successfully guarded has at last transpired. Briefly stated the case is this: The Provincial of the Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine in the United States has been formally deposed from his high office on grave and scandalous charges, and a former provincial, defeated by a bare majority vote through alleged crooked means at the last quadrennial election, has been appointed his successor.

As a consequence, all the appointees of the deposed superior will shortly, it is stated, be removed from office, and every member of the order in the United States must forthwith acknowledge in due form the authority of the new provincial and solemnly promise obedience and reverence.

Should any of the hermit fathers refuse to comply with the commands of the commissary general who issues the decree, they will incur suspension *pro forma*, also excommunication in the chapter. Absolution from these penalties is specially reserved to the general of the order and to his successors.

The deposed provincial is the Rev. John P. Gilmore, of Waterford, N. Y. It was charged that in violation of the rules of the order at the last election he did vote for himself, and as he was cognizant of a majority of one, that his election was the result of his own vote. It was also charged that he secured votes for himself by freely promising good appointments to those who would favor him. The very Rev. Christopher A. McEvoy has been appointed provincial of the order.

HERE IT IS.

The Letter of Archbishop Corrigan to the Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

NEW YORK, July 14.—[Special.]—The formal notification of his excommunication by name was received yesterday afternoon by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. It was contained in a registered letter which had been detained at the Brooklyn postoffice since July 5. It read as follows:

NO. 452 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1887.

REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D. D.:—Rev. Doctor, in accordance with the instructions of the Holy See it is my painful duty to notify you that the term of 40 days from the date of delivery to you of the monitorium of May 4, from the Cardinal Perfect of Propaganda, within which you were required under pain of excommunication to be incurred *ipso facto* and *nominatim* to appear at Rome before the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has elapsed and to declare that, as you have failed to appear before the sacred Congregation or the Propaganda within the time specified, you have incurred by your act of contumacy the said penalty of excommunication *nominatim*. I am, reverend sir, sorrowfully yours,

[Seal.] M. A. CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.

GAMBRINUS WILL LEAVE.

A Large Assembly to Quit the Knights of Labor.

MILWAUKEE, July 19 — Gambrinus assembly of the Knights of Labor is getting ready to secede from the order on account of the temperance views held by General Master Workman Powderly.

The local heads of the order have done everything in their power to stay rebellion, but without avail.

The Gambrinus assembly is the most numerous and wealthiest organization of the order in Milwaukee, and has from 1,000 to 1,500 members.

The employes in the breweries are practically unanimous that they cannot remain with the order under the circumstances. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to confer with the brewers and ascertain whether the contract made for one year in May, would be affected if they left the order. There is little doubt that the desired assurance will be given, and when it is, the assembly will step out and form an independent organization.

MRS. LOGAN INJURED.

A Frightened Horse Backed Her Buggy Over an Embankment.

CARBONDALE, Ill., July 16.—[Special wire.]—While Mrs. John A. Logan, in company with Mrs. Henry Campbell of this city, was out riding yesterday the horse they were driving became frightened and backed the buggy over an embankment.

Mrs. Logan in attempting to jump out caught her foot in a wheel and was thrown under the horses feet, sustaining a severe scalp wound, and her left arm and side were badly bruised. A surgeon was immediately called, who pronounced the wound quite serious, but not necessarily dangerous.

THE FATAL HOT WAVE.

Many Citizens Yet Suffering—Seventeen More Deaths in Pittsburg; Six in Cincinnati.

PITTSBURG, July 18.—A good breeze and a slight drop in the temperature made life more endurable to-day, although the death rate was the largest known for years. The mercury at 7 o'clock this morning was 83, and at 1 o'clock this afternoon it was rising and 94 in the shade. At the same hour yesterday it registered 100°.

Seventeen sudden deaths from the heat were reported to the coroner up to noon, and nearly twice as many persons were prostrated who will recover.

Nearly all the factories and mills temporarily suspended operations during the heat of the day.

Corrigan and Jennis, the two men found dead in their beds at Dolth's tavern, yesterday, who were supposed to have been poisoned, died from the heat and excessive drinking.

CINCINNATI, July 18.—The heat continues almost unabated. At noon the signal observer reported the thermometer at 97°. In shady door ways on Fourth street it marked 98°. Within the *Times-Star* office the register from 9 till 12 was 95.5°. There have been sixteen prostrations by the heat to-day already, and six deaths.

FREMONT, July